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THE POLITICAL SITUATION

THE ISSUE:

SOCIALISM VS. AMERICANISM

BY THE EDITOR

THE Republican party will resume control of both Houses of Congress for the first time in eight years on March 4th. Its majority in the Senate will be scant, but sufficient, and in the House of Representatives substantial. In point of fact, the size of the Republican victory at the polls last November was much larger than is commonly realized.

In 1916, the Democratic majority for President was nearly 600,000; in 1918 the Republican majorities for Representatives aggregated more than 1,200,000,—a Republican gain in the popular vote of approximately 1,800,000 out of a grand total averaging for the two years 12,800,000.

In 1916, for President, the Democrats carried 30 States and the Republicans, 18; in 1918, for Congress, the Democrats carried 19 States and the Republicans, 29—a Republican gain of 11.

The electoral vote in 1916 was: For Wilson, 277; for Hughes, 254,—Democratic majority, 23.

Upon the basis of the popular vote cast for Representatives in 1918, the electoral vote would have been: Republican, 342; Democratic, 189; Republican majority, 153,—a Republican gain of 176.

Assuredly a sweeping victory, rendered even more noteworthy by the fact that it was achieved over the party in

power upon the eve of the successful conclusion of a great war. Attempts made now to analyze the causes of the turn-over which, in the light of all attendant circumstances, must be regarded as without precedent, would be at the least stale and perhaps unprofitable. It suffices the present purpose to recall that the chief impelling impulse which actuated the people was dissatisfaction with the Administration's conduct of the war. So strong had this feeling become that appeals to consider the probable ill effect upon our Allies were futile, and even the obvious imminence of triumph over the common enemy stirred no sense of appreciation of the Government's endeavors. America was not doing herself justice; the men in control were incompetent and untrustworthy; that was the long and short of it; excuses were of no avail; and the inevitable happened.

President Wilson, we are credibly informed, subsequently lamented the issuance of his extraordinary pronouncement practically defying the country to repudiate his Administration as "the one great political mistake" of his career and took his two foremost advisers sharply to task for having persuaded him to commit a fatal error. If so, he did them grievous injustice. The voices which, conformably to his custom, the President caught from the air may have been those of Burleson and Tumulty, but the hand that tapped the typewriter was the hand of Wilson, and the document that, after much travail, finally emerged was no whit less Wilsonvelian than the daringly artful mind from which it sprang.

The famous letter did not lose the election; indeed, in States like Kentucky, it helped to stem the tide; the election itself was already lost. Mr. Wilson's impolitic peremptoriness served only to augment the immediate disaster and, with far more serious subsequent consequences, to unite the opposition. Not only had the campaign of 1916 failed to weld together the Republicans and the Progressives, but the mutual recriminations which ensued were tending to widen the breach in spirit between the two factions when Mr. Wilson leaped into the gap, which Mr. Hays, acting with rare alertness, was thereupon enabled to close effectually.

Mr. Roosevelt died the acknowledged leader of the great party into which he was born. His last written

words, pencilled by his own hand a few hours before his death and addressed in the form of a memorandum for the brilliant young man, for whose selection as Chairman of the National organization he was largely responsible, were these, as reproduced elsewhere in *fac simile*:

“Hays

see him; he must go to Washington for 10 days; see Senate and House; prevent split on domestic policies.”

Here is evidenced as clearly as if the few words filled a volume Mr. Roosevelt's realization of both his responsibility and his obligation. The simple memorandum marked the inauguration of a definite party policy, to be carried through to a no less definite conclusion. It was more than a passing thought or a mere suggestion. It was a Message, signifying the need of immediate and unremitting vigilance in achieving complete unity of action in resolving domestic problems before attacking those of wider range soon to be thrust upon the country,—a true soldier's call first to close the ranks.

Nothing could be more characteristic or more clearly illustrative of the breadth of vision, the foresight, the directness in method and the painstaking attention of the man. Nothing, too, probably could have served his purpose better than that these words should have been his last. Difficult as it is to reconcile one's self to the decree of divine Providence that the removal of that great patriot at this crucial moment was not untimely, we cannot but realize, as he would have been the first to acknowledge, that the last vestige of animosities which might have continued to impair his highest aspirations was buried with him, and thereby the perfect union which he so ardently desired against all things un-American was attained.

Thus we find the Republican party resuming full legislative authority thoroughly united and invigorated by the peculiar confidence which so often carried it to victory in former years. Its leadership in the Senate, moreover, is of the best. The rôle is new to Mr. Lodge, but his long experience, his high intelligence and his amazing industry, backed by the splendid traditions of his State and the universal respect of both his colleagues and the country, render his task comparatively easy. As we write, the Speaker-

ship of the House of Representatives is in question. We assume, however, that the discredit and danger inherent in the selection of Mr. Mann will be averted. The pernicious seniority rule also seems likely to be greatly modified, if not abolished entirely, thus affording wider range of action upon the floor for those younger members, like Mr. Longworth, Mr. Fess, Mr. Frank L. Greene, and Mr. Rogers, who have developed unusual capabilities.

Of yet greater value to the party as an organization perhaps is the evolution of Mr. Will H. Hays. We are not of those many who hold that the late Senator Hanna was "the greatest Chairman the Republican party ever had." To our mind, despite his successes, he was the worst, incapable of detecting the birth and growth of new ideas, wedded completely to the old order and knowing only the power of money, whose open recognition gave rise to a common resentment which only a Roosevelt could have withstood. Mr. Hays is the antithesis of Mr. Hanna. Before money he puts brains; before party, principle; before expediency, courage; and before all, sincerity. With the prestige acquired from the result of the first severe test of his capacity, the zeal and indefatigability of Mr. Hays constitute an asset such as the Democratic party simply does not possess.

As contrasted with the promising Republican outlook, the plight of the Democratic party is pitiable. Early in 1912 Mr. William Jennings Bryan predicted to the writer that, if Mr. Wilson should be elected President, there might be a Wilson party, but there would be no Democratic party at the end of his period of service. This interesting prophecy is already, in effect, fulfilled. Mr. Wilson lost no time in demonstrating that his conception of leadership was complete mastery and, in this instance at any rate, his acts have squared with his words. He has not only restricted his appointments sharply to his own faction, but he has initiated practically all legislation and has interfered without hesitation in primaries charged with the selection of Democratic candidates for Congress. The consequence is a personal control hardly ever before equalled and likely to prove irresistible except in one particular.

There is no question whatever that Mr. Wilson could, if he would, obtain a second renomination without a

dissenting vote, even in the face of the Democratic party's solemn pronouncement declaring it to be "the unwritten law of this Republic, established by custom and usage of one hundred years, and sanctioned by the examples of the greatest and wisest of those who founded and have maintained our government that no man should be eligible for a third term of the Presidential office." Nor is there much doubt that he could prevent the nomination of anyone whose candidacy should be displeasing to him. Of his power to dictate the nomination of another than himself we feel far less certain. Indeed, we are disposed to think that at this point the party leaders whom he has trampled upon would draw the line and would be able to wield sufficient influence to overcome or disintegrate the body of officeholding delegates upon whom the Administration would be compelled to rely. As against Mr. McAdoo, for example, or Mr. Baker who, as the most efficient public official the President has ever known, is his "logical" candidate, the combined forces of Speaker Clark, Mr. Bryan and the leading Southern Senators would be arrayed almost surely and would prevail.

Assuming, then, that Mr. Wilson will not accept a re-nomination, either in consequence of having realized his ambition to become the first President of a Society of Nations or from apprehension of defeat at the polls, we may expect him to retain as much of his power as possible to the last moment by the simple method of concealing his real intention, and then meet the situation as it may exist with characteristic determination. If our previous hypotheses should prove to be correct, the outcome would be the nomination of one neither personally offensive to Mr. Wilson nor objectionable to the opposing leaders,—not improbably Mr. Thomas Riley Marshall.

No Republican candidacies have yet been announced and none is likely to be advanced seriously during the calendar year. Here a Fabian policy is unquestionably the part of wisdom. Just as with the Wilson party, the man will make the issue, so with the Republicans the issue will produce the man. As matters now stand, the conflict would range widely around the conduct of the war, the unpreparedness for peace, government ownership, universal training, extravagance, taxation, finance, woman suffrage, enforcement of prohibition, executive autocracy,

inefficiency and the like, upon all of which the Democrats would be put upon the defensive in a most embarrassing manner. The tariff will hardly play its accustomed part because of common assent that high rates are absolutely essential at the moment for both revenue and protection.

But whether Mr. Wilson achieves his lofty international ambition or, failing that, again audaciously defies the people to repudiate his Administration, he will hardly care to go to the country upon the record comprising the subjects mentioned. In any circumstances, he would reach out for a new and overwhelming issue, whose discussion would allow full play for his exceptional rhetorical and persuasive powers. But even though he should feel supremely confident of his ability to justify his domestic policies and performances, he would be unable in this instance to restrict the test. Gradually but irresistibly the overpowering issue of the coming campaign is forming itself in perfect conformity with the President's activities abroad and his partially formulated programme at home.

The issue will be Socialism against Americanism.

Mr. Wilson no longer represents or speaks for the United States, as differentiated from other nations, except in so far as doing so enables him technically to translate the voices which burn his ears from the air into the service of Humanity. He has forsaken Nationalism and espoused Internationalism. His proposed League or Association of Nations is wide as the world itself and, so far from conferring benefits upon this country, it not only violates all of the traditions of the Fathers of the Republic but, under any one of the plans yet suggested, could not fail to add greatly to our own burdens, to the enormous advantage of Germany and, in lesser degree, of England, France and Italy, as well as of the smaller states.

That so complete a reversal of the established policy, under which thus far our own country has achieved its marvelous success, would involve tremendous sacrifice and constant danger, no advocate of the proposal has, to our knowledge, attempted to deny. Whether it would bear to all mankind greater benefits than have been conferred through the free offering of a safe refuge from oppression, of personal liberty, of equal opportunities and equal citizenship in a well-ordered land may be a question.

But there is no doubt that Mr. Wilson is committed

irrevocably to his theory. Already the Socialists of Europe, in eager response to his fervent appeals, have proclaimed him their leader as opposed to their constituted authorities, and soon the Bolsheviks of Russia will meet in a spirit of comradeship the most notable Bolshevik sympathizer of America, once driven out of the country as a teacher of false doctrines and a practicer of flagrant immorality, and now officially delegated by President Wilson to act as his personal representative at the Marmora Conference.

Only Mr. Samuel Gompers, who flatly refused to attend the Socialist conference at Berne, at Mr. Wilson's request, and his more conservative lieutenants now stand in the way of the radical elements of our great labor organizations falling into line with the herds of Europe behind their accepted leader so graphically depicted by Mr. William Allen White, the colleague of the ex-Reverend George D. Herron, as the Pied Piper of the ignorant and impressionable masses.

The extent to which Mr. Wilson will attract our own people to his standard of socialistic government, hidden within the Society of Nations, has yet to be measured. That the obsession has obtained no slight hold and is being nurtured zealously at great expense is only too apparent. Thus far the non-partisanship of the movement is evidenced by the appearance upon the stump of our former and only living former President, Mr. Taft, as the leader and chief spokesman of the aggressive propaganda now being waged unceasingly throughout the country.

But such a condition cannot long maintain. The time is rapidly approaching when the two great political organizations will be compelled to take their stands unequivocally. That the Democratic party will bow submissively, though sullenly in thousands of instances, to the mandate of its ruler is a virtual certainty. But we have abiding faith that as soon as the people come to understand the real import of the challenge to their independence, their reason and their future, the Republican party, under its present leadership, will pick up the gage of battle and step forward quite ready and fully prepared again to save the Union, upon the inevitable issue of—

Socialism against Americanism

For ourselves, we welcome the test. It must come some

time; it may as well come now. And we have no question of the result. Neither next year nor ever will the American people vote to denationalize their great Republic. Neither next year nor ever will they heed the sinister and insidious implorations of false prophets to toss their beloved country into a melting pot to be mashed into a pulp of international communism. Neither next year nor ever will they yield one jot of their independence or of their sovereignty.

America is no Bolshevist. Patriotism is not dead. Let the fight begin!

*"Trumpeter, sound for the splendor of God!
Sound for the heights that our fathers trod
When truth was truth and love was love,
With a hell beneath but a heaven above,
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us,
On to the City of God!"*

IMPRESSIONS OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

"I leave you to your weighty deliberations. The Peace Conference is declared open."

M. RAYMOND POINCARÉ uttered these words at three o'clock on January 18th, 1919, with extraordinary earnestness, and a touch of emotion in his voice which his hearers are not accustomed to find there. And at once a wave of joy seemed to surge through the entire assembly who had listened standing to the opening speech of the President of the Republic, in the great "Salon de l'Horloge" of the Quai d'Orsay.

It was an extraordinary assembly, unlike any other known to history. The sixty-five men present belonged to every race, to every country. Some came from the uttermost ends of the earth, delegates sent by China and Japan. Others from parts little-known, vaguely shown on geography maps—for instance, the two representatives of the King of Hedjaz, who arrived at the eleventh hour and were admitted at the last minute. Some were very old—Mr. Patchitch, for one—with his enormous white beard; others, such as the envoys of certain South American Republics, quite young.

From the corner of the hall where I was, my attention never wandered from them all during the half-hour the speech of the President of the Republic lasted, as I tried to read on their faces something of the feelings that were certainly stirring below. But every countenance, whether pale or dark-hued, reflected only pride and joy. And prouder, more joyous perhaps than any of the others, was President Wilson. His smile seemed to dominate and lighten up the entire assembly. When M. Poincaré spoke his

closing words: "*I leave you to your weighty deliberations. The Peace Conference is declared open,*" he was the first to spontaneously clap his hands and give the others the signal of applause.

And now the Peace Conference is open and the Allies are trying to rebuild the world.

One question predominates in the vast work to be accomplished: Will the Allies agree, and will they agree to the end? The question has been asked in America more than elsewhere perhaps. Cablegrams, some sensational, others pessimistic, have been sent to the American press on this subject. These cables came from newspapermen whose information was not always as reliable as it was prompt.

Paris is a strange and difficult city for the reporter who does not know it. A city of rumors, of gossip, of talkers and faultfinders. Everyone knows all there is to be known without ever having heard anything. The newspaper man who has not understood its psychology is in an unfortunate position! He is at the mercy of any lobbyist of the Palace Bourbon who whispers in his ear an account of the most secret meeting of the Cabinet, and he will take it for history in the making. He is at the mercy of any restaurant waiter who speaks disparagingly of every man in the Government—and he will take it as a true index of the feeling of the Parisian crowd. He sees the moving surface, the lights, women passing in the streets—and he will imagine all of France is before his eyes! Truly, a misguided person the newspaper man who listens too much and does not think enough!

Let us take as an example the question of the League of Nations, which certain American correspondents have striven to describe as one of the main points of divergence among the Allies. It is characteristic of the errors of interpretation which can be made by a newspaper man insufficiently acquainted with France, when he tries to give an account of French opinion. What has been cabled to New York, Chicago, Boston and elsewhere? Nine times out of ten, this: "M. Clémenceau is opposed to the proposed League of Nations of President Wilson, and France will have none of it." And nine Americans out of ten are convinced to-day that opposition to the League of Nations

comes entirely from France. What is the truth of the matter?

The truth is that French public opinion—that of the nation, of the people, of the army—has never been opposed to a League of Nations; it is merely sceptical regarding the results of such a League—an entirely different matter. Scepticism is one thing, opposition is another. There is not a Frenchman living who would delay by one hour the dawning of that radiant day when nations will have the understanding of sisters, and when universal peace will reign permanently on our earth. But there are many Frenchmen who believe that day will never dawn as long as men are men, and cupidity, stupidity, and ill-nature are still to be found here. So Frenchmen are not antagonistic to the League; they are simply incredulous about it.

Again, the truth is that M. Clémenceau, who incarnates every feeling, every fear, every hope of France, shares on this point, as on many others, the opinion of four-fifths of the French people. But if, deep down in his heart, M. Clémenceau does not believe in a League of Nations, he is so little opposed to one that less than a fortnight after he became Premier of France, in 1917, he appointed a commission for the purpose of preparing the draft of a League of Nations, and as members of this commission he selected not only some of the most eminent jurists of France, but also men who were most in favor of the idea of arbitration among nations, of peace among peoples, of conciliation among governments. M. Léon Bourgeois, who is the oldest and most prominent pacifist of France, in the highest and noblest sense of the word "pacifist," was appointed chairman of the commission.

Further, the truth is that the commission appointed by M. Clémenceau worked so hard and to such good purpose for two years, that it has ready an entire series of drafts showing to the last detail the working of such a league, the constitution of international courts of arbitration, the penalties to be resorted to in case of conflict, etc. One part of the work, done by that great authority on international law, Professor André Weiss, even goes so far as to give a list of the financial, marine, economic and monetary penalties which could be enforced, if a war were to threaten, against the nation that should be indicated as

the author of the trouble. To quote M. Léon Bourgeois: "It is the most marvelous and formidable arsenal that can be imagined: the League will only have to stop to pick up arms against war."

Finally, the truth is that M. Clémenceau has decided to adopt the draft prepared by the commission appointed by him. It will be the French draft of the League of Nations, a complete draft in which nothing is missing, which goes to the very end of logic and truth, and a practical piece of work—not merely a string of words.

Is there an American draft for a League of Nations? What and where is it? What men have worked at it and for how long? Has it been approved by the President of the United States and will it be upheld by him at the Conference? How far does it go? Does it recognize that when the League shall come to any decision, such decision will have to be enforced by every member of the League? When will it be submitted to the public opinion of the world?

It may be slightly impertinent to ask these questions. But in the name of the inalienable rights of truth, it is permissible to state that the day the Peace Conference opened, France was the first country to propose that the League of Nations should be one of the subjects of discussion, and that she was the one and only nation to place on the Conference table a concrete and practical draft for such a League.

Other divergences occurred, at the very outset of the Conference, which since have been smoothed away. They deserve to be mentioned here only because they raised questions of principles, and questions of principles are often most difficult.

Among others, there was the question of language and the question of representation of the smaller nations.

The question of language is one that France feels deeply about. The question is in what language the final instrument of the Conference—the peace treaty—shall be drawn up. From time immemorial, international treaties of peace have been drawn up in the French language, and that is what is meant when French is described as the language of diplomacy. Even in 1815, after Waterloo, when France was invaded and crushed by Europe, the peace treaty of Vienna was drawn up in French. Even in 1871,

after Sedan, when France was invaded and crushed by Prussia, the Frankfort treaty of peace was drawn up in French. France cannot admit, therefore, that after the Marne and Verdun, the treaty of peace that will be signed in Paris should be in any other tongue than French. Translations may and should be made in every other idiom, but in accordance with a tradition that goes back centuries, the original must be a French original.

The representation of certain smaller nations, whose conduct was so heroic during the war, was a question about which France felt at least as deeply as about the question of language.

In the course of a preliminary meeting, it had first been decided that Belgium and Serbia would have only two delegates at the Conference, whereas at the request of the United States it was decided. Brazil should have three. No one in France contests the importance of the services rendered by the noble Brazilian people in the cause of the Allies, but for us who are French, among many precious memories, one will always stand out: the memory of blood shed in common on the battlefield. What has made the friendship of the United States sacred to France is not so much the money lent, the munitions sent, the hospitals built, the ports enlarged, as the two million men who came to her and the fifty thousand boys who sleep their last sleep in our French cemeteries. . . . Belgium and Serbia, too, gave their blood for the cause of civilization. They gave it from the very first day—and they gave it until the very last hour. This makes them in our eyes the equals of the great nations of the earth. This was enough to earn for them five delegates each to the Conference, like France, or England, or America. In no case should it have earned for them fewer delegates than a nation not one of whose soldiers ever suffered in our trenches. At the urgent and pressing request of France, the Conference altered its first decision and assigned three delegates each to Serbia and Belgium. Three is not much, but it is better than two. Would it not have been preferable to have done at once what common fairness made us do later?

All this is slight enough, and simply shows the necessity of examining, and thinking, and taking into consideration the traditions and feelings of the various peoples. Other divergences will occur. They will be disposed of as easily

as those of yesterday if each brings to the task his heart, intelligence and faith in the work to be accomplished.

For the greater difficulties that will have to be solved, a great criterium will have to predominate at every discussion: the criterium of future peace. Let each one, instead of consulting his principles or sympathies, his interests or friendship, simply consult his conscience, and ask himself: Will such or such a solution prevent, or on the contrary bring about, a conflict in the future? The answer will not be long in coming, and it will nearly always be that of common sense.

It is the criterium that must be applied to the territorial claims of France. It is the criterium that must be applied to the contradictory claims of the Italians and Jugo-Slavs in the Adriatic. It is the criterium that should be applied as regards how Germany is to be treated.

What has not been said, telegraphed or written on the subject of France's territorial claims! The editor in chief of a great New York paper even went so far as to state that France and her Government had been carried away "by a spirit of conquest and imperialism which would be the misfortune of France and of the world"! Now, the so-called imperialism and spirit of conquest of France are limited to asking for Alsace-Lorraine, with the frontiers of that province in 1815, that is, with the Sarre basin. The Sarre basin, in geographical area, only slightly exceeds that of the Borough of Manhattan. It was a part of France for nearly two centuries. It was wrested from France in 1815, at the Congress of Vienna, for one reason: because it is rich in coal, and as early as the beginning of the nineteenth century Prussia was busy appropriating everything that had any value, such as iron or coal. France to-day claims that district, first by virtue of right, because it formerly belonged to her, next because it will be compensation for the loss of her Northern coal fields, destroyed or damaged for years and years to come by the Germans, and lastly because it will be a guarantee against any German attack on that side: Germany will be deprived of one of the sinews of war.

And that is the whole story of France's territorial claims. At no hour, at no minute of the war, did France ever dream—I can formally affirm this—of annexing all the left bank of the Rhine. When in secret treaties with

Russia, France asked that her hands should not be tied in connection with the left bank of the Rhine, this meant that she wanted—and still wants—to receive proper guarantees in that quarter. France does not want, in the more or less distant future, the Prussian or Bavarian Palatinate to serve as a jump-off from which to attack her or to attack Belgium. So she will ask that there should be no fortifications on the left bank of the Rhine, either temporary or permanent, and no arsenals, no depots of artillery, no garrisons, nothing, in a word, that could be used to repeat the operation of 1914. But the people of that country, provided they do not arm themselves, are free to administer their territory as they see fit, and to annex themselves to Prussia, or Bavaria, or Austria, or to no country at all. Their independence remains absolute. And that is the spirit of conquest of France! It simply consists in taking the proper measures to prevent a renewal of the attempt to conquer her. . . .

As to how Germany should be treated at the Conference, from now on two views may be discerned: one that the punishment inflicted be moderate; one that the punishment be extremely rigorous. But it should be pointed out that underneath each of these two currents there is no ulterior design, no unworthy calculation. Regarding the principle, every one is agreed: Germany is a great criminal and should be punished. But those on the side of moderation invoke humanity, and those on the side of severity invoke justice. Justice, humanity—two great words which have always made the heart of the crowd beat, and which sometimes lead to the most deplorable mistakes! Where does humanity begin with Germany? Where does justice end? In the treatment to be inflicted, it is neither the principle of justice nor the principle of humanity that should be called into play, for Germany has shown herself incapable of understanding either. The question to be asked is the following: What constitutes the surest guarantee to prevent Germany from beginning all over again? The answer is inevitable: Germany understands only force; she must be subjected to the régime of force. The sole limit to the punishment must be the preservation of peace in the future, that is, we must stop at the point where punishment might risk bringing about a new conflagration at some future day. If this principle be applied firmly, light

is thrown on the problem, and the solution becomes easy.

The French are often accused of hatred and of a desire for revenge where Germany is concerned, because their territory has been ravaged, invaded, set fire to, destroyed by the Germans. . . . But it is not only the French who are to-day pronouncing anathemas against Germany, but also the English, who are not hereditary enemies of Germany; the Belgians, who never had the slightest quarrel with Germany, and the Roumanians, who had a treaty of alliance with Germany.

On the very day of the opening of the Conference, I heard from M. Jean Bratiano, Prime Minister of Roumania, and first delegate of Roumania to the Conference, an account of the sufferings endured by his country under the Teuton heel, and I found that this Wallachian from the far banks of the Danube said the same things as the Walloons of Belgium or the Picards of France.

"In Roumania," he told me, "there are entire districts with which there is no communication possible: not even a cart to go there. . . . We have been despoiled of everything and we are hungry. There is not a day's reserve of flour in Bucharest. . . . The awful thing about Germany, you see, is not only that her mentality is that of a savage, but that she has such a mentality without realizing it. She is cruel instinctively and without effort. She is cruel with a scientific refinement that almost amounts to genius. . . ."

"*Germany has the mentality of a savage without realizing it. . . . She is cruel instinctively and without effort. . . .*" I would like these words, which were not those of a Celt but of a Latin from Central Europe, to be engraved on a marble slab, and each member of the Conference to have this slab constantly before his eyes. When the punishment to be meted out to Germany is to be determined upon, the delegates would then decide. . . .

Peace is not made with words any more than War is: it calls for action.

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE.

Paris, January, 1919.

PITFALLS OF A "LEAGUE OF NATIONS"

BY ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

SOME excellent and able men now urge that just as the States of the Union have been interlaced into a nation, with concord throughout its dominions, so the nations of the earth shall be similarly united to end strife among all mankind. Why, it is asked, if the States could unite into a nation, surrendering most of their sovereignty to the national Government, should not the various Governments of the world form a superstate to which each of these federated nations would yield a part of its sovereignty and obey the decrees of an international authority supreme over all of them?

This plan, passionately insisted upon under two or three titles, the favorite of which is, for the moment, The League of Nations, raises the greatest question which the American people have ever been called upon to answer.

If the analogy of the States agreeing among themselves to form a harmonious nation is to be strictly followed, certain results would be inevitable. For example, just as the States, in order to form a nation, gave up the right to pass tariff laws or immigration laws, so the nations comprising the international superstate would have to do the same thing. Indeed, certain foreign champions of this international arrangement urge this very fact as one of the principal reasons why a League of Nations should be established.

If this is not so, the analogy fails. The argument based upon a comparison of the union of the States into a nation, with the proposed union of the nations into a world government, would require us to imagine that the States agreed only that they would not fight one another, but still kept

the right to make tariffs against one another, to regulate or prohibit migration from one to another, to do the same thing with reference to commerce; and, in short, to act in every way as though each State was a sovereign nation. The States would have agreed not to make war among themselves, and yet would left open every subject that might cause hostilities. Is it not plain, then, that this analogy is false—even absurd?

The League can be established only by treaty. This treaty would bind each member-nation to make war anywhere and at any time the League decrees. If America becomes a member, we must, of course, repeal that provision of our Constitution which gives to Congress the exclusive power to declare war. This is admitted. Indeed, such an amendment was actually introduced in the Senate. Do we want to abolish that vital provision of our fundamental law? Do we wish to bind ourselves and our children forever to make war whether we or they want to or not? Even if we did not formally repeal that section of our Constitution, would not the result be the same as if we did repeal it?—since our honor would be pledged in the treaty to make war, and Congress would be morally compelled to declare it, as a matter of good faith to our allies, whenever and wherever a majority of them required it.

Of course, if the League treaty is not to bind each member to enforce the judgments of the League, then the treaty would amount merely to an agreement that the contracting nations would undertake to be good. And it may come to that in the end. Already the dispatches from Europe advise us that the League is to require no change in our Constitution, no limitation on our freedom of action—nothing, in short, to which stubbornly patriotic Americans can object. All we will be bound to do, apparently, will be to enter into a sort of general “understanding” to maintain the new governmental and territorial arrangements fixed by the international peace conference now sitting at Versailles.

So, although not exacting of us an agreement, in specific terms, to go to war whether we want to or not, yet is not the effect the same as if we did sign such a contract? For, having committed ourselves to act in concert with certain other nations, to uphold in the future the world adjustments established by the peace treaty, would we not be ac-

cused of "bad faith" and "cowardice" if we declined to pour out American blood and money for that purpose, should those adjustments ever be in danger of being upset?

Yet not one of these territorial and governmental changes affects us in any way. They are in Africa, in Asia, in Europe. Still, we are expected to go into a partnership of "good faith," a sort of "gentlemen's agreement," if nothing stronger can be secured from us, to see that the re-divisions of the earth are maintained. Can any American who cares for his own nation contemplate such a scheme without emotion?

As to the original project of an unlimited international superstate, so fervently proclaimed during the last three years, the only reason given for it is, that it may prevent wars by the amicable settlement of disputes. But, on the contrary, does not the plan contain the very seeds of strife? Assume the League in existence with big and little nations members of it. Suppose two of the larger nations differ radically on some subject which each honestly thinks vital to its well-being. The matter must be settled by a vote of the nations who are members of the League. If human nature has not been repealed, would not each of the contending Governments try to get as many votes as possible? Would not this result in—would it not compel—such international intrigue and corruption as the world has never seen? And if one of the disputants should prevail by a single vote or fraction of a vote, would the defeated nation and its associates submit? Or would there be a world-wide cry of fraud followed by resistance? Even if war did not result, would not the League dissolve, leaving behind it bitterness and suspicion more intense and long-lived than even some wars have produced?

As to the actual structure of the superstate, on what basis would it be erected? Would little nations have the same suffrage as big nations? Would Costa Rica have the same voting power as France? Serbia the same as Great Britain? Uruguay the same as the United States? Tibet the same as Japan? If not, what becomes of the principle that the rights and interests of little nations are as sacred as those of big nations? Since the protection of small nations is one of the main purposes of the proposed League, who are so well qualified to pass on their own safety and wellbeing as the little nations themselves?

But in case the lesser nations are to have only fractional votes, who shall decide what those fractions shall be? And would the small nations come into the League on fractional representation? If the little nations refuse to enter the League as inferiors, what is to become of their rights, interests, and honor, which it is one of the principal purposes of the League to protect? Or is the League to tell the little nations what is best for them, and, by force, make them submit to the League's opinion?

If this trifling problem should be solved to the full satisfaction and happiness of all nations, another small question arises: What proportion of the international army and navy which is to execute the decrees of the League shall each nation furnish? Shall this be determined upon the basis of population? If so, China would supply more men and ships than all of Europe, the United States, and Japan combined. Shall contributions to the "international police force" be determined by comparative wealth? If so, the American Nation must furnish the largest contingent. Or shall the rule of allotment be the degree of comparative intelligence? Or shall it be measured by the clearly defined and accurately established standard call "civilization?" In either case, who is to decide the relative intelligence and civilization of the nations? Would any nation agree that its people are less intelligent and civilized than others? Also, how shall the command of this international army and navy be settled?

But let us assume all these questions to be disposed of—as doubtless they readily can be—and the League to be in full and effective operation. What would be the province of the superstate, and what our duty in the matter of revolutions in any country? Governments are sometimes changed by revolutions; and revolution in one country sometimes causes war between other countries. For instance, the French Revolution caused the war between Great Britain and France that, in turn, resulted in the Napoleonic wars. Must the League, therefore, interfere with revolutions? If so, on which side?

The late Czar was the first authority in modern times to call an international council for the suppression of war. Suppose that gathering had resolved upon a League of Nations of which the United States, Great Britain and other nations, including Russia itself, were members. It would

have been the Government of the Czar that signed that treaty. When that Government was threatened with destruction by revolution, would it not have called, and have had the right to call, on its international partners to help preserve it?

Suppose a League of Nations had existed at the time of our Civil War. If it had intervened in that struggle does anybody doubt what the result would have been? Do we not know that we would today be two nations instead of one? Whoever doubts this should read European history as related to the struggle of the American Nation for existence.

But let us say that the supposed world-superstate agrees to have nothing to do with revolutions—although by so agreeing the very Governments forming the superstate may themselves be destroyed. Let us say that the League proposes to intervene, not when different parts of a nation are about to fight one another, but only when different nations are about to fight one another. If the combat cannot be prevented and hostilities begin, on which side will the League array itself?

If it is said that the superstate will act against the aggressor, how shall it determine which of the belligerents really is the aggressor, since every nation always claims that the other belligerent is the aggressor; and the decision must be made instantly if war is to be prevented. But sometimes it takes many years to settle the real cause of a war. Which nation was the aggressor in the Russo-Japanese War, or in the conflict between China and Japan? Each claimed at the time and still claims that the other was the aggressor.

Moreover, occasionally the real cause of conflict is not admitted by either belligerent, and could not and would not be submitted to any international court or league. For example, the fundamental cause of the Russo-Japanese War probably was the increase of population in Japan and the necessity for more territory where its people could live; while Russia's motive was her historic, natural—and perhaps justifiable—desire for ice-free ports. Yet this profound reason for the Russo-Japanese collision would not have been conceded by either of the two disputing nations, and could not have been settled by any international power. Suppose, then, that, since the League could not have dealt

with the problem, war came notwithstanding the League's existence. On which side would American soldiers and sailors have had to fight?

Since one of the objects of the superstate is to protect the territorial integrity, rights, and interests of small nations, what would we, as a member of the League, have been compelled to do in the war between Great Britain and the Allied Dutch Republics of South Africa? Or what would have been the League's action when Korea was absorbed by Japan? In our own history, would we have been permitted to wage war with Mexico? If not, what would today have been the situation of that enormous territory which now composes the States of California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, and is peopled by the freest, happiest, most prosperous men and women on the globe?

Would we have been allowed to fight Spain? If not, what today would be the condition of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines? No such progress is recorded in history as has been made by the people of those islands since they came under American control. And all of them are under American control. Porto Rico and the Philippines are American possessions; and the American suzerainty over Cuba is the most perfect ever committed to paper.

Is not the proposed world-superstate an agreement to maintain perpetually, by arms if need be, the status of the world as it shall be at the time the League is formed? Do we not, as a member of that League, underwrite for all time to come the international status quo and guarantee to maintain it with American life and treasure? And is this wise or right either for ourselves or the world?

It is not impossible that the whole thing will taper down to a proposal for a league consisting of a permanent alliance of the United States and the three other leading nations. Already such a suggestion has been made. It is a variation of the "gentlemen's agreement" already mentioned. The world is to be "policed" and "kept in order" by the "Big Four." How Holland, Spain, Belgium, and the Scandinavian countries will welcome that scheme! Is it reasonable to expect enthusiastic submission from South America? And the attitude of Japan toward the project may be of interest. And none of the nations outside the combine is to be permitted to say a word about the matter—

they can come in on the terms prescribed by the "Big Four," or stay out.

But, in either case, the "Big Four" will attend to their affairs for them. Does not such a project as this suggested "League of Nations, Limited," appear somewhat fanciful, not to say unjust? Would it not create universal antagonism, jealousies, hatreds? And what possible advantage would America derive from it? Is it not plain that the "League of Nations, Limited" has most of the evils of an unlimited league and some that are even worse. Would it not involve us in expense impossible to estimate, and enmesh us in snares and troubles beyond human ability to forecast with certainty?

Another point may not be unworthy of mention in this period of "the self-determination of peoples." Whether the League takes in all nations, or only a few selected Governments, are the American people to be allowed to vote on this question which concerns them so profoundly? Are any people to be permitted to vote on it? Apparently not. The arrangement is to be made by the gentlemen in Paris, presented to our Senate in the form of a treaty, and put through without any expression of the people or their will in the premises. If it is said that this is the usual method of dealing with treaties, is not the answer that this is an unprecedented treaty? It resembles no other treaty we ever made except in one point: *When it is made, we must stand by it.*

If we get into the League we cannot get out. No matter how badly it works for us, no matter how much we may come to dislike it, we are bound, in honor, to remain in it. If, in desperation, we should break the treaty and release ourselves, would we not thereby invite war upon us by the other members of the League? Even if they generously refrained from attacking us, could they be expected ever to trust us again?

But whether we are to be bound to an alliance with many or few nations, what advantages in any direction would America derive from membership in a League of any kind? At the risk of "damnable iteration," that question should be asked ceaselessly. Or are American rights and interests unworthy of our consideration? If our own well-being is not to be eliminated from our thought, ought we not to ask and answer a few other obvious questions?

Take, for instance, our Mexican relations. That country adjoins us. There have been, are, and always will be more American citizens legitimately engaged in business in Mexico and a greater quantity of American capital legitimately invested there, than the citizens and capital of all other nations combined. For years we have endured peculiar, shocking, and indefensible—almost indescribable—outrages upon American citizens and property in Mexico; and this is likely to occur again.

As a member of an international League, could we do anything whatever to protect American lives, safeguard American property or maintain American rights in Mexico, without the consent of the other nations who are our fellow-members in the League? If it became necessary for us to establish the same relations with Mexico that we have with Cuba, could this be done without the sanction of the international superstate?

Or take the Monroe Doctrine, which concerns the Western Hemisphere and is vital to the development of it. Would not Japan, Great Britain, or Germany have as much to say as ourselves about what that doctrine means and what may and may not be done under it? If we undertake to help settle the disputes among the nations of Europe and Asia, do we not bind ourselves to allow them to have the same voice in the affairs of the Western Hemisphere?

If we, with other nations, underwrite the status of canals in the old world, do we not obligate ourselves that other nations shall, equally with us, control the Panama Canal?

Once more let us make the inquiry as to what beneficial result can come to us from membership in any international combination whatever? Would not the inevitable consequence be that we involve ourselves in racial and historic antagonisms and complications from which thus far we have kept ourselves free? Would we not surrender every advantage which our situation on the globe, our history, our one unbroken traditional policy, and our resources afford us? Would we not place ourselves in the position of an integral, physical part of the continents of Europe and Asia?

It is said that steam and electricity have eliminated the oceans and that nations no longer are separated by water barriers. Is this true? The English Channel is now as effective a bulwark to the United Kingdom as it ever was.

That narrow strip of water and a strong fleet have saved England from invasion for nearly a thousand years. From the military point of view, it would appear, then, that after all the Atlantic has not been abolished.

We are told that we must no longer be "isolated." How are we "isolated"? How have we ever been "isolated"? Not commercially. Not financially. Not socially. We have been "isolated" only in the political sense—only in the sense that we have not bound ourselves by alliance to mix up in the quarrels of others—only in the sense that we have attended to our own business. Is not that kind of "isolation" the very thing that is best for us and for the world? If so, why abandon it? Does anybody imagine that, if any European Nation were situated as we are, it would surrender its peculiar advantages?

The points that I have suggested are only a few of those involved in the present day recrudescence of the ancient scheme for a League of Nations. But do not the ones enumerated show that the international journey which we are asked to take is through an unexplored and perilous jungle?

Is it not better for the American people to advance along the highway of America's traditional foreign policy? That policy was formulated after years of thought, experience and consultation by all the wonderful company of constructive statesmen who laid the foundations of the American Nation. No such group of far-visioned men ever blessed with their wisdom any country at a given time. Call the roll of them—Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Marshall, and the others of that galaxy of immortals.

The foreign policy announced by Washington was the product of the combined and profoundly considered judgment of all these men. It was the only policy, foreign or domestic, on which all of them were united. On every other they disagreed. For that alone they stood as a single man. Several years after Washington formally declared this American policy, Jefferson restated it still more broadly and emphatically. Also that policy has been maintained from that day to this by every American statesman and every American political party.

For more than a hundred and thirty years the Ameri-

can Nation has progressed along the plain, safe course these men marked out. It has kept us from disastrous foreign entanglements and ruinous foreign complications. It has saved us hundreds of thousands of lives and hundreds of billions of dollars. Why leave it now to wander through a pathless wilderness of alien interests, racial hatreds, historic animosities?

Do not the wellbeing of a great people and the development of a mighty continent present problems hard enough to tax all the strength of the ablest men in the whole Republic? If the concerns of a few million people occupying a strip of seaboard engrossed all the energy, thought and time of men like "the fathers" whom I have just named, have any intellects now appeared capable of caring not only for the affairs of one hundred and ten million human beings covering an area that stretches from ocean to ocean, but also capable of adjusting all the differences of all the variegated peoples of the entire globe?

The situation of the American Nation is unique. Geographically it sits on the throne of the world. Its history is that of the evolution of a distinct, separate, and independent people. Its mission is no less than to create a new race on the earth and to present to mankind the example of that happiness and well-being which comes from progressive, self-disciplined liberty.

This was the faith of our fathers. By that faith ought we not still to abide?—the American Nation the supreme love of our hearts, the highest object of our effort and our thought—the American Nation free of hand and unmanacled of foot, marching steadily onward toward the destiny to which it is entitled by reason of its place on the globe, the genius of its people, and its orderly institutions of freedom.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE.

INTERNATIONAL LAW AND INTERNATIONAL POLICY¹

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

AT no time, perhaps, since history began to be recorded, has there existed so profound and so universal a conviction of the value and necessity of law; and particularly of the restraint of law in controlling the activities of independent sovereign States.

Everywhere the necessities, even more than the volitions, of men have in some form, established the authority of the State; whose laws, even though occasionally violated, are regarded as paramount over the populations within their jurisdiction. A comparative study of law discloses the fact, that, with slight and almost negligible divergences, the great principles of jurisprudence accepted in all the most highly developed communities are not only similar but virtually identical. As a result, that body of customary law common to different nations, to which the Roman juriconsults gave the name *Jus Gentium*, and which became the basis of what we now call International Law, was believed until the events of the Great War disturbed the conviction, to have attained a consistency of content and a degree of general acceptance by responsible States which placed beyond all serious question its authority as law.

There is, as we all know, some diversity of view as to what constitutes the law in general. If it were otherwise it would be a very stale and unprofitable profession.

As regards the Law of Nations, which has temporarily fallen into disrepute as even more vague and uncertain than other branches of the law, whoever is able to discover what it is may have the satisfaction of declaring that, not-

¹ A portion of an address delivered before the New York State Bar Association.

withstanding the aspersions cast upon it, there is the highest authority, based on judicial decisions, for asserting with Sir William Blackstone that, "whenever any question arises which is properly the object of its jurisdiction," it is in England "adopted in its full extent by the Common Law, and is held to be a part of the law of the land"; and he may also cite the opinion of Alexander Hamilton, that it is not only a part of the Common Law, but "has become by adoption that of the United States."

If these vindications of the respectability of the Law of Nations seem somewhat antiquated, I may, perhaps, be permitted to recall the fact that, in his address before the New York State Bar Association, last year, the eminent Attorney-General of Great Britain, Sir Frederick Smith, informed his hearers that when, during the war, it became his official duty to urge upon the Privy Council the idea that no prize court in Great Britain had the right to challenge or call in question the Orders in Council of His Majesty the King, the Appellate Prize Court decided against the contention of the Attorney-General and declared: "We sit here as a Court of International Law, and in spite of what our enemies have done we still believe there are binding doctrines of International Law, and sitting here as we do sit as a Court, whose duty it is to construe those doctrines, we utterly refuse to be bound by Orders in Council issued by the Executive."

It is a grateful and refreshing assurance to all those who believe in and love the reign of law, to know that there is, in at least one country in the world, a Court that, even in the midst of war, has the purity and the sense of responsibility to assert, against the Law Officers of the Crown, that it will take no orders from those whose authority is merely the national interests of the moment; but it is still more reassuring to know that, in the judgment of such a Court, International Law, despised, rejected, and reviled by those who should be its champions, not only lives and speaks with a voice of authority, but that its voice commands silence on the part of the interests even of the State.

Happily, this is no new doctrine. For us, as Mr. Justice Gray, speaking for the Supreme Court of the United States, has said, in the case of *The Paquete Habana*, in 1899, "International Law is part of our law, and must be ascertained and administered by the courts of justice of

appropriate jurisdiction, as often as questions of right depending upon it are duly presented for determination"; and it is no reflection upon the loyal adherence of the United States to this principle that, in appealing to International Law as binding in questions of prize, the British Prize Courts have themselves applied the decisions of American judges to which objection was once raised in the period of the Civil War.

Even a moment's reflection will show that, in determining to decide cases of prize by the Law of Nations, and not under the Orders in Council of the King, the British Court was following a rule of action that was less warped by private interest and more influenced by the spirit of equity. It was, in fact, deciding according to International Law, because it is better law.

And why is it better law? It is better law, because it is in no sense *ex parte*. It is law fit to be made universal. Even in the more liberal-minded States, the development of law is under the restraint of the class of interests that have acquired power, whatever they may be, and proceeds with little control by interests that are just as real but less influential.

When it comes to the absolute governments, there, Law is merely a decree; and is in no sense based upon its true foundation, which is mutual obligation, recognized and rendered effectual by reciprocal agreement to adopt a controlling principle. It is of the very essence of absolutism that it is against every principle that will bind itself, and for every advantage that will increase the power of the ruler over the ruled.

Now the underlying conception of the Law of Nations is this: that there are, in this realm of legal relations, no rulers who alone can make the law, and no subjects who are compelled to submit to it. It is a realm in which the jurist seeks to discover what is just; and the nations, after considering whether or not it is so, agree to accept and abide by the results.

It did not take long for independent minds seeking new foundations for the State, to perceive that, underlying this conception of law, there is the basis of a new system of political philosophy, the idea of natural rights; which, from the time of Grotius, had been given wide publicity as a revival of doctrines fundamental to the Roman Law.

It had not been very distinctly recalled, until a foreigner, Professor De Lapradelle, reminded us, that, from 1758 to 1776, when American political conceptions were in process of formation, the great jurists who wrote of Natural Law as the basis of the Law of Nations, such as Grotius, Pufendorf, and Burlamaqui, "were read, studied, and commented upon in the English colonies of America." As early as 1773, the Law of Nations was taught in King's College (now Columbia University), and "in 1774 Adams, and in 1775 Hamilton, quote or praise Grotius and Pufendorf."

A very considerable influence appears to have been exercised upon our revolutionary fathers by the Swiss jurist, Vattel, whose work on "The Law of Nations or the Principles of Natural Law" was inspired by a spirit of political liberalism, that was without precedent. No previous writer had ventured to class a sovereign as a criminal, but Vattel had the courage to write:

"If then there should be found a restless and unprincipled Nation, ever ready to do harm to others, to thwart their purposes, to stir up civil strife among their citizens, there is no doubt but that all the others would have the right to unite together to discipline it, and even to disable it from doing further harm."

Not hesitating to place such nations in the criminal class, he does not shrink from applying to them the rigors of the criminal law. "They should be regarded," he says, "as enemies of the human race, just as in civil society persons who follow murder and arson as a profession commit a crime not only against the individuals who are victims of their lawlessness, but against the State, of which they are the declared enemies." And, in closing his paragraph with the recommendation of punishment, he adds, "Of that character are the various German tribes of whom Tacitus speaks."

Three copies of Vattel's book, brought out in a new edition specially adapted for America, in 1775, by Dumas, a Swiss republican resident in Holland, were sent to Franklin; who, in acknowledging it, says: "It came to us in good season, when the circumstances of a rising State make it necessary frequently to consult the Law of Nations." One copy was sent to Harvard College, another was deposited with the Library Company of Philadelphia, and of Frank-

lin's own copy he says, "it has been continually in the hands of the members of our Congress now sitting."

States, according to this teaching, are subject to the principles of "right reason," supplemented by compacts freely made between them. Thus, in the minds of the colonial statesmen of America, in connection with the Common Law they had brought from England, law, in its political sense, came to be identified with covenants of peoples or covenants of States, freely entered into, in a manner explicit or implicit. Constitutions, statutes, and treaties had, in their view, the same ultimate authority, the rights of man: Constitutions as concessions to the necessity of government, which they limited and defined; statutes as concessions to the necessity of civil order, within the limits of ordained government; and treaties as concessions to the necessity of coexistence, harmony, and safety, between independent States.

Quite logically, for the first time in history, they wrote into the Federal Constitution the remarkable words: "This Constitution and the Laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and all Treaties made or which shall be made, under the Authority of the United States, shall be the Supreme Law of the Land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or Laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." (Article VI).

I have referred to these as "remarkable words," because they not only recognize in treaties the quality of legal perfection, but actually incorporate the covenants entered into by the United States as constituting equally with the Constitution itself, "the Supreme Law of the Land."

In this the action of the United States stands alone, the highest tribute ever paid to the authority of law.

In this country there has never been any doubt that international morality is binding upon sovereign States; but not in a strictly legal sense. Nor is it possible to consider as law, in its proper meaning, those usages which are not in harmony with the social standards and necessities of the present age. In so far as these elements in the Law of Nations are antiquated or without the authority created by consent, the fields of activity they cover need to be provided for in a new fashion, namely, by duly considered special agreements.

It is, therefore, necessary to place emphasis upon the other element in the Law of Nations, which is incontestably not only perfect law, according to the most severe criteria of legality, but the most perfect example of law-making in the whole broad field of legislation. I refer, of course, to treaties and conventions, freely and deliberately negotiated, and ratified by a constitutionally authorized legislative body.

It is impossible, in view of the modern methods of law-making, any longer to accept the idea of law expressed in the classic definition of the distinguished English jurist, John Austin, who defines law, as "The commands issued by a sovereign authority to persons in general subjection to it"; which is a description of law in an order of things that has, for the most part, passed away.

Under such a definition, there could, of course, be no place for International Law,—a law created between sovereign States for their mutual governance; nor could there be law of any kind, in the modern legislative sense, for any self-governing people. Where may we look for a "sovereign authority" that can issue "commands" to sovereign States?

Such an authority would be a superstate, a new entity, holding formerly sovereign States "in general subjection to it."

And yet, sovereign States, which do not, and cannot, subordinate themselves without self-extinction, to a supernational authority, do and must create law for the regulation of their own conduct toward one another,—a law not imposed from above, but created by themselves, valid and binding between them;—in strict and literal expression, a law *international*.

It would, I think, not be an error to say, that International Law, when made by general treaties, illustrates the perfection of the law-making process; because it is the result of a mode of procedure in which there is a complete substitution of agreement for command. If it is true, that government by the consent of the governed is the highest political ideal; then the agreements of parliaments, congresses, councils, and legislatures representing the people are the highest type of law; and, indisputably, international treaties and conventions, ratified reciprocally by legislative bodies, are the most perfect examples of this type.

They possess an ideal authority which no other form of law can surpass.

Under this system, a great body of positive law, freely and deliberately agreed upon, and to a great extent with the added quality of unanimity, has been written into treaties and conventions solemnly and duly ratified, according to the laws of each signatory Power.

In the development of this procedure, the United States has been a leader, because it has introduced the participation of a representative legislative body in the treaty-making process. The law-making treaties of the United States are of their very essence examples of positive law, not only because treaties are declared by the Constitution to be "the Supreme Law of the Land," but because they require the specific approval of the highest legislative branch of the Government.

Originally, before the adoption of the Constitution, under the Articles of Confederation, the making of treaties was the duty of the Congress; but, being feeble as an executive, Congress found itself confronted with the more difficult task of making them respected. In 1786, Washington, in a private letter, wrote to Jay, the accusation that the legislatures of the States were violating the treaty of peace with Great Britain "was greeted by them with laughter." The States had not all developed the sense of national responsibility; but national responsibility was the imperative need, if the Union was to endure, and that is what was created by the provisions of the Constitution in the Convention of 1787.

In a letter written by Jay to the States of the Confederation, on April 13, 1787, and approved by the Congress, it was declared: "Contracts between nations, like contracts between individuals, should be faithfully executed, even though the sword in the one case and the law in the other, did not compel it. Honest nations, like honest men, require no restraint to do justice; and though impunity and the necessity of affairs may sometimes afford temptations to pare down contracts to the measure of convenience, yet it is never done but at the expense of that esteem, and confidence, and credit which are of infinitely more worth than all the momentary advantages which such expedients can extort."

In this spirit was the constitutional provision made,

that the engagements of treaties and the rules of action to which they pledged the signatories, should, in the United States, at least, *themselves* possess the quality of being the supreme law of the land.

As Mr. Chief Justice Marshall afterward stated, speaking for the Supreme Court of the United States: "A treaty is to be regarded in Courts of Justice as equivalent to an act of the legislature, whenever it operates of itself, without the aid of any legislative provision." And, indeed, the making of treaties very narrowly escaped remaining, under the Constitution, what it had been under the Confederation, an act entrusted to the legislative branch alone. It was only toward the end of the sessions that the previous method was modified.

"It was evident," says Farrand, in his "Framing of the Constitution," "that the convention was growing tired. The committee had recommended that the power of appointment and the making of treaties be taken from the Senate and vested in the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. With surprising unanimity and surprisingly little debate," he adds, "these important changes were agreed to."

By this division of the process of treaty-making, the Executive was, in effect, charged with the duty of recommending legislation which he might find desirable and practicable, but upon which a truly legislative seal was to be placed only with the advice and consent of a law-making body.

Regarding the motives for this decision, Alexander Hamilton wrote, in "The Federalist": "However proper and safe it may be in governments where the executive magistrate is an hereditary monarch, to commit to him the entire power of making treaties, it would be utterly unsafe and improper to entrust that power to an elective magistrate of four years' duration. . . . The history of human conduct does not warrant that exalted opinion of human virtue which would make it wise in a nation to commit interests of so delicate and momentous a kind, as those which concern its intercourse with the rest of the world, to the sole disposal of a magistrate created and circumstanced as would be the President of the United States.

"To have entrusted the power of making treaties to the Senate alone," he continues, "would have been to relin-

quish the benefits of the constitutional agency of the President in the conduct of foreign negotiations. . . . Though it would be imprudent to confide in him solely so important a trust, yet it cannot be doubted that his participation would materially add to the safety of the society. It must indeed be clear to a demonstration that the joint possession of the power in question, by the President and Senate, would afford a greater prospect of security than the separate possession of it by either of them."

The judgment of American statesmen and the results of experience have confirmed the view expressed by Hamilton. It has been the custom of the Executive, in matters of large import, to avail itself of "the advice and consent of the Senate," at all stages of negotiation; and, in fact, the need of negotiations on particular subjects has sometimes been first brought to the attention of the Executive by the legislative branch of the government. Much of this exchange of views is not, however, a matter of record; for it has been in great part oral, and the nature of the questions under discussion often rendered these private conversations too delicate to be given publicity when opinion on all sides was still merely in a state of formation by the competent participants.

It is, however, a notable fact, that the traditions of the Senate have always been tenacious regarding the responsibility which the Constitution places upon it, and justly so; for, if treaties are not merely executive engagements, and in reality are both supreme law binding upon the nation and destined to affect and to modify, to its benefit or to its injury, the whole fabric of International Law, such engagements become the most solemn transactions which it is the duty of a government to perform. As it is the function of the Congress to judge of the causes for which, and the occasions when, it may be necessary to declare war, it is not unreasonable that one branch of it, at least, should interest itself in the conditions which may determine the vital questions of future peace; and nothing is so closely connected with the possibilities of war and peace as the engagements into which nations mutually enter by formal treaties. Involving, as they do, pledges of action as well as pledges of abstention, they may easily contain, under the smoothest and most peaceful forms of expression, the most pestilent seeds of future discord.

In the year 1899, and again in 1907, an opportunity was afforded, at the two Hague Conferences, to perform a large task in improving International Law by law-making treaties.

The results were less than had been hoped for, but they marked an advance upon anything that had before been attempted. Notwithstanding the efforts made by Germany and her allies to prevent any general understanding based on the authority of law, an important *corpus juris* of an international character had been brought into existence, which even the obstructive Powers had, under the pressure of public opinion, found it expedient to accept, and had solemnly given their pledges to observe.

It was no outworn and obsolete rules of conduct, but laws as authoritative as human ingenuity can devise that have been openly, shamelessly and brutally violated by nations claiming to rank among the most highly cultivated of modern peoples. By our constitutional provision, these laws, embodied in a series of treaties duly ratified and proclaimed, were not only laws to which we had subscribed, they were an integral part of the supreme law of the United States.

I bring no accusation of negligence; but I do not hesitate to say, that an immediate and earnest protest against the first violation of these laws was not only justified, but a duty which this nation owed to the dignity of the law itself.

I submit, that there is no question before the delegates of the Powers victorious in the Great War, now assembled in Paris to conclude a world peace, that compares in import and consequence to mankind with the issue: What, in the future, is to be the authority of International Law? To what end are new geographic boundaries to be drawn on the map of Europe and of the world, oppressed nations to be endowed with a right of self-determination which needs to be guaranteed by others, territories restored to their rightful national connection by a treaty of peace, and partial reparation made for reparable damages inflicted, if International Law is to be left without permanent defense?

This then is the fundamental issue of the hour. The whole edifice of law is menaced, not merely in its superstructure, but at its foundations; for, in the modern conception of it, it is not a system of regulations imposed from

above, and always and everywhere enforced by the physical power of the stronger against the will of the weaker; but a system arrived at by the voluntary consent, and maintained by the voluntary support of those who believe in the essential dignity and authority of law.

What then is to be done to maintain that authority?

Up to this point, I believe, I have said only that upon which we can all substantially agree. But when we come to methods of sustaining the law we leave the domain of law in its proper sense and pass into the realm of policy; which is, to a certain degree, a field of theory.

Here I shall not presume to enter, either to construct or to destroy the fabrics of the mind. My firm conviction is that we shall do well to avoid the magical charm of phrases and catchwords, and to fix our attention upon realities.

The authority of International Law rests on national character. We cannot change that by forming new partnerships, and particularly not by receiving into them a doubtful member, in the hope of rendering the defaulter and the embezzler an honest man by giving him an interest in a business for which we are to furnish the most of the capital.

I profoundly distrust the professions and the plausibilities of death-bed repentances, even among nations; and also the improvements of society which result from merely emotional impulses. If we are to build wisely, we shall build on the foundations of tested knowledge and experience. We shall put no trust in any "scrap of paper," no matter with what pious phraseology it may be inscribed, except in so far as we know that there are both strength and character behind it. We went into this war a free people. Let us come out of it a free people. Men talk glibly of world federation. What does it mean. It means, if it signifies anything, that this nation, with other nations, is to place itself under some kind of a central authority, with power to raise and expend taxes, to organize and command armies, to regulate the trade and commerce of the world, and upon occasion to declare war—powers which, under our National Constitution—the most far-seeing document of government ever written by the hand of man—are placed solely in the control of the responsible representatives of the people of the United States.

Those powers will, I believe, never be transferred to a new nation, of which the United States would be only a parochial part; nor will they ever be subject to being overruled by the decisions of any association whatever, without the free consent of our own law-making bodies.

We have, during the war, put to the test the strength of our free institutions, and we have found them adequate for war as well as for peace. They have been adequate, because we have never for a moment lost the conviction that we are a free people, and that we were acting in perfect freedom. Had the matter of our food been under the control of a supernational body, had our young men been ordered by an authority not American to leave their business and report for conscription to cross the sea and fight at the dictation and in the interest of a foreign people, had the occasion called for action that was in any degree doubtful to the American conscience, this people would not have made the sacrifices of life and treasure which they have gladly made with unreluctant consecration of mind and body.

There is a limit to national, as there is to personal responsibility. Nationally, that limit is defined by the maintenance and vindication of law. I fear the imperial sodality of Great Powers associated for any other purpose. No condominium has ever been free from jealousies and friction. Even so trifling a partnership as the control of the Samoan Islands was a thorn in the side of three nations until it was dissolved. Every such condominium has ended either in quarrel or partition, or in both; and the net result is always merely deferred annexation. A partnership for equal economic opportunities among unequal nations offers the prospect of unexpected demands; which, if not granted, will lead to the accusation of bad faith.

How then can we find a *modus vivendi* for sovereign States? How, indeed, if not in a united support of law, the recognition of their equal freedom and their mutual obligations? Law does not require a renunciation of rights; it affirms, guarantees and protects them. That is its very purpose and its whole significance.

Let there be then a union for the maintenance of the law. Such a union now happily exists. It consists of the nations that have had the force and the courage to enter the war, in order to bring the law-breakers to justice, and

of no others. I say of no others, because a nation is of value in providing a real sanction to the authority of law only when it is ready to defend the law. A neutral nation at best only renders a passive respect to the authority of the Law of Nations. In the cause of equity it is not an asset, it is only a liability.

I, of course, do not overlook the fact that the prevention of war is of great interest to neutrals, for they are necessarily involved in its hardships by the restriction of their trade. In a speech delivered by the late Lord Parker, a short time before his death, he predicted that, if in future it were made clear that there could be no neutrality, the danger of war would be minimized, because its risks would be increased. Then all nations would be more anxious to prevent it, in so far as it is in their power to do so. Mediation would be a necessary act of self-preservation; and for this there is full justification. There is an old English form of indictment, I am told, that bases arrest on the violation of "the peace and dignity of the King." There may well be a form of international indictment against those who would disturb the peace and dignity of mankind.

For my own part, speaking now as a realist, I look for the prevention of war chiefly to the command of the sea. I do not rest my faith on "the freedom of the sea"—we have seen what that may mean—but on the law of the sea; and that law should be simply the principle set up in opposition to the unlimited right of war, for which the Entente Allies have been fighting, namely, the inviolability of the innocent.

On the 20th of November, 1918, the culprit fleet of Germany—in the presence of British, American and French warships—coming forth from its lair, marshalled by the British light cruiser Cardiff, swept across the North Sea through the morning mist in gloomy procession, to be shepherded into captivity. "Ignominious and yet magnificent," as a writer describes them, the Seydlitz, the Moltke, the Derfflinger, the Hindenburg, and the Von der Tann, boastful battle cruisers, the pride of the German Emperor, that had long celebrated "The Day" when commanding the empire of the sea they could bring the world into subjection, swept through the mist, followed by the nine battleships, then the fifty destroyers and the great flotilla of guilty submarines. "It's a fine sight," a sailor exclaimed,

"but I wouldn't be on one of those ships for all the world."

Unconsciously, this lad felt in his heart what every true sailor hopes will be the future law of the sea. It was on the sea that International Law had its birth in the old sea codes, the "Table of Amalfi," the "Consolato," the "Jugemens d'Oléron," and the "Laws of Wisby," which made the sea, because it is the highway of the world, a place where above all others the rights of man should be respected and maintained. Brave to battle with wind, and wave, and storm, the true sailor scorns a Power that would add to the struggle with nature the inhumanity of man. The sea is the realm of humanity's defense. Closed by the will of all civilized peoples to the greed of the pirate, the united navies of the Entente must make its law the inviolability of the innocent. And this can be done.

If the Entente Allies, who have fought together in this war to vindicate the rights of nations, are not to be trusted, and there is in them no soul of honor, then the outlook for mankind is, indeed, a hopeless one. But if they can be trusted in so great a matter, the formula for the defense of right is very simple.

I take a leaf from the diplomatic correspondence of the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, then Sir Edward, now Viscount Grey.

Writing to M. Paul Cambon, French Ambassador in London, on November 22nd, 1912, he said: "You have pointed out that, if either Government had grave reason to expect an unprovoked attack by a third Power, or something that threatened the general peace, it might become essential to know whether it could in that event depend upon the armed assistance of the other. I agree that, if either Government had grave reason to expect an unprovoked attack by a third Power, or something that threatened the general peace, it should immediately discuss with the other whether both Governments should act together to prevent aggression and to preserve peace, and, if so, what measures they would be prepared to take in common."

This understanding was a menace to no honorable nation. It was, in fact, one in which all honorable governments might join. It suppressed no one's freedom; it looked toward peace, and not toward war; and it has saved Europe!

A more inclusive formula might possess the same qual-

ities and serve the same purpose. It might read: "We, the signatories, agree that, if peace should be anywhere threatened, we will together inquire into the cause of aggression; and if we find that the Law of Nations has been anywhere violated, we will by mediation together use our best endeavors to avoid strife. If war is begun, we will together consider what measures we should take in common. And we mutually agree to submit any difference we may have with one another or with other nations to a like mediation. To this end we continue our close association of intimate counsel, and will receive into our understanding other governments when circumstances may render it proper to do so."

I am here making no proposal. I claim no title to do that. I am merely suggesting a possibility, but a more definite one than some others that have been strongly urged. To many minds it may seem too attenuated, too much dependent upon good will and a common purpose. To that I have only to say this. Without good will and without a community of purpose there is no agreement and there is no sure keeping of engagements among men. Underlying all human endeavor and cooperation, the strongest motive is a love of freedom. Unless they are forced to yield to some type of imperialism—personal, national, or multi-form—which they will never cease to resent, men who believe that there is no true government that is not founded upon the consent of the governed, will not consider themselves bound, even by the authority of the law, if they discover that by its mandates they are no longer free.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

THE RAILWAY PROBLEM—1.

BY VICTOR MORAWETZ

THE inability of railroad men and legislators to agree upon a workable plan for the solution of the railway problem has been due principally to their failure, or their unwillingness, to recognize and face certain fundamental and unalterable facts. Instead of recognizing and removing the underlying causes of the problem that confronts us today they have proposed mere palliatives against the evil effects of these underlying causes. They have merely tinkered with a machine which has radical defects in its design and therefore never can be made to work well.

Congress has practically unlimited power to regulate the railways and to fix their rates, and this power of Congress cannot be taken away or abridged. That is one of the fundamental facts to be recognized. Another fact to be recognized and faced is that the credit of railway investments cannot be restored and the capital necessary to the development of the railways cannot be obtained from investors while the Government has the power to regulate the railways and to fix their rates practically at will, unless in some way the Government furnishes adequate assurances that it will not exercise this power in such a way as to deprive those who put their capital into the railways of a satisfactory return on their investments.

We live under a democratic form of government and the will of the people rules. That is a fact which no one would change even if it were possible; but investors are not blind to the lessons of history and to the signs of the times. They have learned that, in the long run, legislatures and commissions, all of whom, directly or indirectly, are chosen by the people and are accountable to the people, cannot be depended upon to regulate the railways and to fix their rates

in such manner as to make railway stocks safe investments.

The Constitution prohibits Congress from depriving persons (including corporations) of their property without due process of law and from taking private property for public use without just compensation. The Constitution likewise prohibits the State legislatures from depriving persons of their property without due process of law. The courts have held that a law or order of a commission fixing the rates of a public service corporation so low as to prevent it from earning a fair return on its property would in effect deprive it of its property without due process of law and, therefore, would be unconstitutional. But it is an undeniable fact that these constitutional provisions do not furnish adequate protection to the owners of railway securities. A lawsuit with the Government involving the reasonableness of railway rates is not adequate security. These constitutional provisions furnish no standard for determining the value of the property upon which the railway companies are entitled to earn a fair return or for determining the rate of return that is to be deemed fair. Nor do they furnish any practicable standard for fixing rates. Even if Congress should enact a law prescribing a just and workable method of determining the value of the property of the railway companies and the rate of return thereon that is to be deemed fair and also a workable formula for fixing rates that will produce this fair return, the Act of Congress itself could at any time be altered, amended, or repealed.

In the past, State legislatures or commissions sometimes undertook to prescribe complete rate schedules that were plainly confiscatory, and these rate schedules were set aside by the courts because in violation of the Constitution. But legislatures and commissions soon discovered that they could attain practically the same results by adopting the process of whittling down rates piecemeal. It was an application to the railway companies of the ancient Chinese punishment of "slicing." That punishment consisted of cutting from the victim at stated intervals a very small piece of flesh. No doctor could say that any one of these cuts was fatal or even dangerous to life, yet sooner or later the victim always died. Similarly, the courts could not, except in rare cases, determine that any single rate reduction deprived a railway company of its property without due process of law, though the effect of the combined rate re-

ductions was to bleed away the credit which was the company's life blood.

To provide by Act of Congress that the validity of rate regulation shall depend upon the "reasonableness" or "adequacy" of the rates, or upon the application of some more specific formula would furnish no real protection to the owners of railway securities, even if such an Act of Congress were irrevocable. No court, no commission and no railway man has ever been able to furnish any definite or practicable standard for determining what particular rates are reasonable, or adequate, or just. Long experience has shown that all tests of the reasonableness, or adequacy, or justice of particular railway rates are impractical and illusory. The question whether in a given case a rate was in violation of the prescribed test or formula would have to be decided by the courts. Yet it is a fact that the courts are not fitted to pass on such questions. Even if judges were more competent than commissions to regulate the railways and to fix their rates, the delays of court procedure would prevent the courts from furnishing adequate protection to the owners of railway securities.

To turn back the railways to their owners now or at the end of twenty-one months without first enacting adequate remedial legislation would be a crime. It would result in a suspension of dividends by most of the companies, in the bankruptcy of many of them and in a general destruction of security values. The railway problem can no longer be dodged, or postponed, or dealt with by palliative measures. Unless Congress meets the problem fearlessly and solves it by the adoption of a fair and workable plan, a nation-wide financial catastrophe will result.

To establish Government ownership and operation of the railways would not solve the railway problem but would be a refusal to face it. It would be a jump from the frying pan into the fire. Only a few of the many objections to Government operation need be referred to:

(1) Universal experience in Europe and in Canada, where Government operation of the railways has been tried, and unbroken experience in the United States in the management of Governmental enterprises, show conclusively that Government operation of our railways would prove unprogressive, costly and inefficient and would result in poor service to the public with high rates.

(2) To make several millions of our voters Government employees and to increase to that extent the patronage list of each administration would prove a menace to the stability of our political institutions.

(3) If the Government condemned the railways it would have to pay for them in cash; but the Government is in no position at the present time to raise the vast amount of money that would be required. An attempt to do so would greatly depress the value of Government securities, would cause an enormous expansion of bank loans and would result in a dangerous disturbance of financial conditions.

(4) The proceedings to establish the value of the railways for purposes of condemnation would upset security values and might result in a financial catastrophe.

Almost any plan would be better for the country at large than Government ownership and operation.

What, then, should be done? As pointed out above, the fundamental difficulty to be overcome is that, because of the governmental power to regulate the railways and to fix their rates, railway securities are not safe investments and the companies are unable to raise the vast sums which are necessary to meet their financial requirements and the needs of a growing country. That difficulty can be overcome by making definite and certain at least part of the constitutional obligation which now binds the Government in law and in honor to allow the railway companies to earn a fair return on their property. With such a guaranty it would not be difficult to reach a solution of the railway problem beneficial alike to shippers, to the millions of citizens who own railway securities or have interests in them, and to the public at large.

It has been urged that there would be popular objection to a guaranty by the Government of any part of the earnings of the railway companies or of any returns to their security holders; but this objection surely can be overcome by frank discussion and argument. In guaranteeing part of the income to which the railway companies and their security holders are justly entitled the Government would not really assume any new or additional obligation. It would only make definite and certain a portion of an existing obligation binding in law and in honor. On what grounds can an honest man refuse to put into definite and enforceable form an obligation which already binds him legally and morally?

The plan proposed by me provides that the Government shall guarantee 65 per cent. of the estimated operating income obtainable under a fair and constitutional exercise of the Governmental power of regulation. In return for its guaranty the Government would receive (1) plenary power to regulate the railways and to fix their rates; (2) ample control over the management of the companies, including power to remove their officers; (3) a share of the profits of the railways in excess of four per cent. on the stock issued by the Federal corporations in which the railways would be vested, and (4) an option to acquire the railways at a fair price without condemnation proceedings. The latter provision is a detail of the plan, inserted to provide a means of establishing direct Governmental ownership and operation if at any future time this should be found to be both practicable and desirable; but it is believed that if the plan were adopted the demand for Government ownership and operation would cease and the option never would be exercised.

The figures in the plan are merely tentative and for illustration; but a careful analysis will show that if the proposed terms were adopted the stockholders and bondholders of the existing companies would receive new securities that would be safe and that would be worth more than the securities which they now hold. The benefit thus accruing to the stockholders and bondholders would not be obtained at the expense of the Government or of shippers. The Government and shippers as well as the stockholders would be benefited, through the saving in interest and dividends and the lower rates made possible by utilizing the high credit that would be given to a definite and certain governmental guaranty.

Some eminent railway executives and bankers have approved the plan, but others have urged that it amounts in effect to Government operation and is subject to the same objections as Government operation. This is not correct. The stockholders of the Federal corporations formed under the plan would retain an interest in their earnings in excess of the guaranteed dividends of \$2.50 per share on their stock. The management of these corporations would be shared by the stockholders and by the Government, as in case of the Federal reserve banks, and the supervision and regulation of the railways would be vested in a Federal Railway Board similar in its constitution to the Federal Re-

serve Board which has supervised and controlled our new banking system in a most satisfactory manner. The officers and employees of the Federal corporations would not be Government officials, but they would all be appointed and controlled by boards of directors in part elected by the stockholders and in part appointed by the Federal Railway Board.

Even prior to the seizure of the railways by the Government for war purposes the Government exercised a very large degree of control over their management—a control which many railway executives and bankers condemned on the ground that it amounted in great measure to Government operation. It is certain that no plan for the solution of the railway problem will be adopted by Congress without extending largely the Governmental control exercised before the war. The question to be considered by railway executives and bankers is not what measure of control they would like to see the Government exercise, but what plan having a fair chance of approval by Congress would be most beneficial to their security holders.

It is true that the successful operation of the plan would ultimately depend upon the character of the men appointed by the President, with the advice and approval of the Senate, to the proposed Federal Railway Board. Similarly, the safety of our banking system and the stability of financial conditions throughout the country depend upon the character of the men appointed to the Federal Reserve Board. But the success of any plan that may be adopted would depend upon the character of the public officials having control of its operations. All our property rights and our liberties ultimately depend upon the men elected or appointed to Government office. It is certain that no satisfactory plan for the solution of the railway problem ever can be formulated if we assume that the President and Senate of the United States would place the supreme control of the railways in the hands of incompetent or untrustworthy men.

The plan proposed by the railway executives would not provide any real protection for their security holders. It would not correct the radical defects of the existing relations between the Government and the companies, but it would complicate these relations and provide new kinds of governmental control. It would furnish new formulas for

making rates and new grounds for litigation and for court reviews, but it would not furnish the companies with a sound basis for obtaining the credit which they need. It would fail to put an end to the recurring cycles of railroad bankruptcies and reorganizations.

Other plans that have been proposed provide for the enactment by Congress of a law directing the Interstate Commerce Commission to fix rates so that they will yield a definite prescribed minimum return on the property of the railway companies. In these plans the use of the word "guaranty" is studiously avoided; but unless their effect is to provide a virtual guarantee of the prescribed minimum return, these plans would not restore railway credit or solve the railway problem. The principal defects of these plans are:

(1) The Act of Congress prescribing the new rules for fixing rates could be altered, amended, or repealed at any time.

(2) The rates necessary to produce the prescribed minimum return could not be determined in advance, and if the commission in its discretion should prescribe rates that fail to produce the prescribed return the railway companies would have no remedy, unless the Act virtually guaranteed that the deficiency of earnings would be made up subsequently by an increase of rates or out of the public treasury.

(3) The Interstate Commerce Commission could not effectually fix rates that would produce the prescribed return unless vested with power to fix intrastate as well as interstate rates, but it is not proposed to confer that power; and

(4) These plans would result in unnecessarily high railway rates. Their purpose is not to keep rates down by means of the lowering of interest and dividends which could be effected through a definite and direct governmental guaranty, but to restore the credit of the railway companies by means of a mandatory increase of rates.

No plan will be approved by Congress unless it accords with the prevailing views and wishes of the people. The owners of the railways, therefore, must be prepared to make many concessions and compromises. They must realize that they cannot obtain all that they want, or even all that they think is due to them. No plan can be framed to meet the views of everybody, and probably no plan that can be

passed through Congress will be wholly satisfactory to anybody. The owners of railway securities and their representatives, therefore, should recognize the practical and political difficulties to be dealt with and should endeavor through constructive criticism to cooperate in framing the best plan that Congress will accept.

On the other hand, Congress must recognize that the American people will not be satisfied with anything short of a permanent solution of the problem. Congress must recognize also that no plan which is unjust to the owners of railway securities can restore railway credit or solve the railway problem, or guard against a financial crash when the railways are restored to their owners.

The American people will decide justly a question that they can understand, but to enable them to deal justly and wisely with a problem as complicated and technical as the railway problem they must have the benefit of courageous and able leadership. Without such leadership there is danger that the people may wander in the wilderness and worship false gods; but they will follow and will honor a leader whom they believe to be just and to have the courage of his convictions. A wise and courageous leader can soon bring about a just and permanent solution of the railway problem.

VICTOR MORAWETZ.

[We append in full the noteworthy plan proposed by Mr. Morawetz.—EDITOR.]

THE MORAWETZ PLAN

A SUGGESTED SOLUTION OF THE RAILWAY PROBLEM

BASIC ASSUMPTIONS

1. Permanent Government operation of the railways would be contrary to the best interests of the country and should be rejected. It would result in unprogressive, costly and inefficient operation with poor service to the public and high rates.

2. Security of railway investments and the capital necessary to the development of the railways cannot be obtained under any practicable system of governmental rate

fixing or regulation, unless coupled with some guaranty by the Government of fair returns on the investments. Security of railway investments cannot be obtained by making the power of the Government to fix rates or to regulate the railways depend upon the "reasonableness" or "adequacy" of the rates or regulations, or upon the application of any formula that can be devised. Experience shows that all such tests are impractical and illusory. Review by the courts of rates or regulations prescribed by the Government furnishes no remedy against unwise or unfair regulation. The courts are not fitted to supervise the regulation of the railways or to determine the reasonableness of their rates. Even if judges were more competent than commissions to regulate the railways and to fix their rates, the delays of court procedure would make a resort to the courts ineffectual.

3. No satisfactory result can be attained without putting an end to regulation of the railways and rate fixing by the several States. To obtain effective and wise regulation it is necessary to vest supreme authority in some board appointed by the National Government. Of course, the members of this board must be competent men; but competent men are essential to the successful operation of any plan.

4. The Government cannot safely give the necessary guaranty of a fair return on investments in the railways unless vested with plenary control over their management, including the power to remove the officers of the companies. Such plenary power of regulation would not be unfair to security holders if coupled with a guaranty of a fair return on their investments.

5. Efficient and economical operation of the railways and the best service to the country require that track facilities, equipment and terminals be pooled whenever desirable and that wasteful competition be stopped.

6. To secure efficient and economical operation of the railways it is necessary to preserve the interest of stockholders and officers in the management of their properties.

7. The benefit of the high credit of the Government should accrue to it and should not be given gratuitously to the existing security holders of the railway companies. Accordingly, a proposal that the Government shall guarantee to the railway companies perpetually or for a long

term of years their average operating income of past years, as under the present Federal Control Act, should be rejected. Such a guarantee would in effect be a gift of enormous value to the stockholders and the junior bondholders of the railway companies. Operating income guaranteed by the United States obviously is worth vastly more than operating income subject to the risks and uncertainties of the conditions affecting the railways.

8. A proposal that the Government shall leave existing bonds and stocks undisturbed but shall place its guarantee upon bonds and stocks hereafter issued with the approval of the Government for betterments and additions should be rejected for similar reasons. The practical effect of such a guarantee would be to make the Government responsible for all bonds and stocks equal or prior in claim to those guaranteed by the Government.

9. Under the power of eminent domain the United States can condemn those railroads which serve as instruments of interstate commerce and as military and post roads. Upon such condemnation the United States would have to pay just compensation to the owners of the properties condemned and this just compensation would have to be paid in cash, unless the owners should be willing to accept something else in lieu of cash.

10. The Government, through a condemnation proceeding, can take a railway subject to its existing mortgages and indebtedness, i. e., it can condemn the equity of the stockholders. But, even if the Government can condemn a railway free and clear of existing mortgages and indebtedness, it cannot impair the rights of mortgagees and creditors to be paid in full out of the proceeds of the property before anything is given to the stockholders. The Government cannot condemn the bonds of a railway company apart from the property of the company, and when the property of a company is condemned by the Government it cannot prescribe the distribution of the proceeds among stockholders, mortgagees and creditors.

11. Simply to condemn the equity of the stockholders of a railway company, leaving its outstanding bonds and other indebtedness undisturbed, would not be satisfactory to the Government because the result would be to give to the holders of the outstanding bonds and other indebtedness gratuitously a practical guaranty of their claims, the

Government failing to secure the benefit of the saving of interest which might be effected through the use of its high credit.

To condemn the property of a company free and clear of its existing mortgages and indebtedness leaving the distribution of the compensation for the property to be made according to the legal rights of mortgagees, creditors and stockholders would in many cases result in great injustice to junior security holders and stockholders.

12. The plan herein proposed is designed to attain the following ultimate results:

(1) To vest the railways (taken in suitable groups) in ten to fifteen corporations formed pursuant to an Act passed by Congress under its power to regulate commerce and establish military and post roads; these Federal corporations to be free from State regulation, but to be subject to the fullest regulation and control by suitable boards established by the Federal Government.

(2) To refund the bonds and stocks of the present companies by the issue of debentures and stocks of the new Federal corporations, these debentures to be guaranteed by the United States and the stocks to be guaranteed minimum dividends.

(3) To provide the capital needed for the future development and extension of the railways.

(4) To establish a Federal railway board and suitable subsidiary boards for the effective regulation of the railways, with due regard for local interests.

(5) To provide for the future efficient management and operation of the new Federal corporations under the supervision and control of the Federal railway board.

The main difficulties of carrying out this plan are:

(a) To establish the fair value or just compensation to be paid for each railway in guaranteed debentures and stock of the new Federal corporation in which the railway is to be vested; and

(b) To distribute this just compensation equitably among the existing bondholders and stockholders.

13. The original cost or the reproduction cost of the property of a company furnishes no just measure for fixing its rates and no just measure of what would constitute fair compensation for its property. To fix rates or compensation on the basis of original cost would in many cases de-

prive the owners of a large accretion of value to which they are legally and morally entitled. The construction of railways has been the principal cause of the large increase of the value of lands and other property throughout the country and the railroads were built in the just expectation that their owners would share in this increase of values. To fix the rates of a railway on the basis of a fair return on original cost or to condemn it at its original cost would be as wrong, legally and morally, as to condemn the property of farmers and owners of city lots at the prices originally paid therefor to the Government.

The cost of reproduction furnishes no just test because the true value of a railroad, as of any other piece of property, depends largely upon its location and surrounding conditions. A railroad serving a territory producing only a small amount of traffic or a railroad whose operating conditions are unfavorable by reason of grades or other causes cannot earn as much and is not worth as much as another railroad serving a territory producing a large amount of traffic and having favorable operating conditions, though the reproduction cost of the two railroads be equal. Rates upon competitive business must be the same as to all companies and it is quite impracticable to fix rates in such manner as to enable each company to earn a fixed return and no more upon the reproduction cost of its property. To condemn the property of a prosperous railway company at a price fixed on the basis of its operating income at the lowest rates which the Government could constitutionally impose upon that company would be as unjustifiable as it would be to condemn other property at a nominal price on the ground that the Government could constitutionally destroy its entire value by taxation.

By reason of their magnitude, the railroads of the United States have no market value. Few, if any, instances exist of a competitive sale of a railroad or of a true sale for cash or its equivalent. Moreover, any wholesale condemnation of the railways and payment to the owners in cash would upset all security values and might produce chaotic financial conditions. As it would become necessary to issue vast amounts of Government bonds, their value would be greatly depressed and a large expansion of bank loans would be unavoidable. By reason of the magnitude of such a transaction, it could be carried out only through a

concurrent shifting of investments, the owners of the railway securities using the cash received by them from the Government to purchase the new Government bonds or to purchase other securities and property in the market and the sellers of the existing securities and property investing the proceeds in the new Government bonds. The probable result would be a considerable increase of the prices of industrial securities now yielding large returns to the holders and a fall of the prices of Government bonds.

The quoted market prices of the stocks and bonds of the railway companies furnish no just measure of the value of their properties. These quoted prices of stocks and bonds indicate only the approximate prices at which a very small amount of the stocks and bonds can be bought or sold. As a rule, no considerable amount of stocks or bonds can be bought or sold at anything near their quoted prices. The quoted market prices of railroad stocks and bonds often are largely due to factors having little relation to the earnings of the companies or to the true value of their properties. In some cases bonds of railroad companies at their quoted market prices yield no larger returns than United States Government bonds, while in other cases equally well secured railroad bonds at their quoted market prices yield a return half again as large. Some railroad stocks have quoted market prices very much higher than those of other railroad stocks upon which an equally high return is earned.

14. It is submitted that the only fair and practicable way of measuring the value of a railroad and the just compensation to which its owners are entitled is

(a) To estimate as nearly as may be its present and prospective true operating income under a fair as well as constitutional exercise of the powers of regulation vested in the Federal and State governments, and

(b) To capitalize this true operating income at a fair rate, based on the rate of interest or profit payable to obtain capital and on any risks or uncertainties affecting the railroad and its future operating income.

The true operating income of a railroad for the purpose of ascertaining its value is not the operating income shown under the rules of accounting prescribed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Under these rules no deduction is made on account of certain expenditures which every

railway company is obliged to make but which do not add to its earnings. Every prudent business man would charge such expenditures to operating expenses or to income. Therefore, in ascertaining the true operating income of the railways there should be deducted in each case from the operating income shown under the rules of the Interstate Commerce Commission a fixed percentage based on the approved practice of conservatively managed railroad companies.

The operating income of the railways depends largely upon the rates which the Federal and State governments permit them to charge. Unfortunately the courts have not yet furnished any definite or practical standard for determining the limits of the constitutional powers of the Federal and State governments to fix rates, and neither Congress nor the Interstate Commerce Commission nor any State Commission has yet furnished any definite or practical standard for determining what rates are reasonable and fair. The resulting uncertainty has been the principal cause of the failure of the credit of the railway companies and it is the principal source of difficulty in estimating their prospective operating income and the value of their properties.

However, under the plan now proposed it will not be necessary to estimate with accuracy the value of the railways, or their prospective true operating incomes, or the rates at which this estimated operating income should be capitalized. It is not proposed to pay for the railways in cash or its equivalent. The plan is to vest the railways in new corporations which will issue their bonds and stocks in exchange, and the bonds and stocks thus issued will simply represent these railways, whatever their value and their prospective operating incomes may be. Under the plan now proposed an estimate of the prospective operating income and of the value of each railway is material only in so far as this may be necessary (a) to limit the proposed guaranty to be furnished by the Government and (b) to establish the relative value of the several railways to be vested in each Federal corporation, so that some of the existing companies may not obtain an advantage at the expense of the others.

It is suggested that in ordinary cases the average operating income of the test years prescribed by the Federal

Control Act (subject to a deduction as above proposed) be made *prima facie* evidence of the operating income which is to be the basis of capitalization. However, this basis could not justly be applied to a case in which owing to a receivership or other abnormal conditions the average operating income of the three test years did not fairly reflect the earning capacity of the property. Each case should be dealt with in the light of all pertinent facts.

(To be concluded)

HOW BRITAIN DEMOBILIZES

BY HAROLD A. LITLEDALE

(Gunner, Fifth Tank Battalion, British Expeditionary Force)

WE have always wanted to go home. Let there be no mistake about that. From the very beginning, from the first day we landed in France, through all the changing fortunes of war, in defeat as well as in victory, we have longed for home. Of course we have known there was a job to be done. Yes, we have always known that. But we have done that job—at least our part of it, in France, in Belgium, in Italy, in the Balkans, on Gallipoli, in Russia, in Palestine, in Mesopotamia, in East and West Africa and on all the seas—and having done the job we are in no submissive mood for the least delay in demobilization. This is not because we are rebellious, for we are of no mutinous mind, but because we are impatient. And this impatience is nothing more than a reflex of outraged human nature.

Now it is a strange thing that while the civilian world has learned much of the invention and mechanics of modern warfare it has learned nothing of the spirit of the soldier. Perhaps this is because invention is on the surface, whereas the soul of the Crusader is deeply hidden in the heart within and is as mystic a thing as the soul of a child in the first splendid moment of its birth.

Whatever the reason, this great lack of spiritual understanding is the first thing that strikes the soldier when he returns on leave. He sees it in the questions that are asked: "When do you go back?" "Have you been wounded?" "How many Germans have you killed?" Always the material, never the spiritual.

Would you care to know the things of which a soldier

thinks? Very well, go to some desolate spot, dig a square hole six feet deep and the width of your spade, silently in the night crawl out and make a barbed wire defence, snatch a few moments of sleep, for an hour before dawn stand-to with a bayonet fixed to your rifle and tortured by an imagination that causes you to see ghosts, wash and shave in the little tea you leave at the bottom of your mug, try to sleep again for an hour or two, stand now for two hours waist deep in water and then rush into the yard of a munitions factory when it is blowing up; feed mostly on cold tinned meat, stand in the bottom of the pit you dig with only the sky to look at for days, sometimes for weeks, let the wind blow to you not only odors that are an offense to the nostrils but poison gas as well, and keep this up for four years. Then you will know the things whereof the soldier thinks and you will want to go home. Indeed, you will want to go home with a burning for home such as you never dreamed could exist. You will want to feel the clinging arms of your child around your neck and the beat of her heart against your breast.

Consider, now, the circumstances under which we went away.

Belgium was in flames, her altars cast down, her women violated. All this was shown in the recruiting posters on the boardings of our towns. "Do you want this?" they asked. Well, we did not. Inside something was saying "the game's afoot," and so we put aside our peaceful occupations and learned to shoot with rifle and to stab with steel. We went to fight for our homes.

It was in that manner, then, that we set out upon the Great Crusade. At heart we were not soldiers. To this day we do not think or speak of ourselves as soldiers. We say we are civilians in khaki.

And during the Great Crusade how did we bear ourselves? As soldiers? Yes, but not so much as professional soldiers who enter upon a career of killing, but as men upon whom the need to kill has been thrust. In a sense we were quite as much conscientious objectors as those who proclaimed it from the housetops, only we saw farther than they.

Now, perhaps by our songs you can see that we thought always of home. For our songs were songs of home, not songs of battle. We enlisted to the strains of "Tipperary"

—a song of home. Later we sang a trench ditty, "I want to go home." Then came "Blighty":

Take me back to dear old Blighty,
Put me on the tram for London town.

But the word "Blighty" puzzled many, and so we made up another song which ended:

Say, don't you know what Blighty is?
Why, bless your heart,
It's the soldier's Home, Sweet Home.

And when we had sang these threadbare, and the poets of the fire-step were too actively engaged to compose, we raked up all the American songs about home we could think of, and from our line there went up in Cockney cadences, "My 'ome in Tenner-see," or "Dixie" or "There's a long, long trail a-winding."

Bear in mind that so far as we are concerned the war dates back to August 4, 1914. The battle-line swung like a pendulum. In the spring of 1918 we were fighting with "our backs to the wall," but our faces were to the enemy, and perhaps the fact that our faces were that way had a little to do with the collapse of the enemy in November.

With the surrender by Germany of a great fleet of battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, thousands of aeroplanes, guns, transports and invaded territory, the armistice came to us as the end of the war. And as the end of the war meant home we looked forward to the speedy demobilization that had been promised, realizing, of course, that technically the war was on, and that some would have to stay under arms until peace was signed.

Now, with us demobilization was worked out on an industrial basis. Unquestionably that was wise; the country could not at once revert to pre-war occupations. But to our amazement, so far as those of us who by wound or for other reasons had been returned to England were concerned, among the first to be demobilized were the men who had just been called to the colors. In the camp where I now am there were a number of men who were called up just prior to Armistice Day, and even on Armistice Day they had done no training, they had done no fighting, they had suffered no great hardships, but they were the first to go.

How was this possible? Let us consider a little further

the plan for demobilization. Under the general scheme, pivotal and slip men were to be the first to go. A pivotal man is a man whose release will assist in the employment of discharged soldiers. A foreman is a pivotal man. A slip man is a man who has a job waiting for him. In the case of either a pivotal or a slip man the employer's request for the man's discharge has to be endorsed by a local advisory committee. The papers then are sent to the soldier to submit to his commanding officer. His discharge theoretically follows and he is supposed to be sent to a dispersal camp near his home for final demobilization. Now it stands to reason that if the dispersal camps are too few in number, men whose papers have been filled up will be kept waiting their turn indefinitely, and demobilization will be slow. And that is the basis of the existing complaints; the dispersal camps are too few for speedy demobilization.

When the armistice was signed, those men who had only just been called up wrote to their employers. Their employers, from whom one by one men had been taken, at once made written application for their release. Local advisory committees endorsed these applications and these men of little army service returned home!

What was the result of this? Men who had more than four years service to their credit and men of three years, or two years, or one year service saw those others go back home. The soldier had risked much, had been poorly paid, and his family had had a hard struggle, whereas the recruit had been drawing his usual income, had run no risk, incurred no loss, and in many cases, especially those who had worked on munitions, had gained financially. Under these circumstances the release of the recruit was palpably unfair. A wave of indignation swept through the army and this expressed itself in the parades of soldiers to the War Office.

Besides the fact that the number of dispersal camps are too few, there is another fault. One dispersal camp may not be nearly so busy as another, so that your papers may have come through weeks ago, but you are being held until the dispersal camp in your locality shall have place to receive you, whereas another man may be called immediately to his dispersal center. So you see men go before you whose papers came through long after yours.

You can imagine with what feelings a soldier receives by post his employer's letter asking for his release. He notes the approval of the Local Advisory Committee. He is elated. It means his "ticket." For years he has been fighting; for years human nature has been outraged; for years he has longed for home. Well, home is in sight now.

He takes his papers to the officer in charge of demobilization and is told to stand by until there is room at his dispersal center. He writes home. He packs his things. Then he waits. If he waits for weeks—there are men in my camp who have been waiting since shortly after the signing of the armistice—he will grow daily more impatient and more unreasonable. And that is exactly what is happening in every camp in England and in every regiment in France.

The days drag. Each seems longer than the preceding one; to an extent this is actual, for the hours of daylight are lengthening. We walk into the town only to learn that a conscientious objector has been released from prison! We talk of wrecking his shop, but it is only talk.

Recently there was released from the camp where I am, a man who went to the United States as a boy. He was enlisted in Chicago last October by the British Recruiting Mission and landed in England a few days before the signing of the armistice. He wrote to his father late in November. His father, a resident of England, applied for his son's release as a "pivotal man" on the ground that he would take him into his employ and that thus he would be in a position to engage discharged soldiers. The Local Advisory Committee endorsed the request, and not long afterwards, there being room at the nearest dispersal center, that man was told to go the next day.

That night, as we were putting down our beds, we heard of it.

"Say, boys," said one, "what are we going to do about it?"

"Let's *create*," replied a voice angrily.

"Right," came from half a dozen more angrily.

"How can he be a pivotal man if he was abroad when the war broke out?"

The murmuring rose to a confused babel.

"Who'll go for the sergeant-major?"

A lad who was in bed volunteered.

"Don't bother about dressing," said some one.

The boy pulled on his trousers and slipped into his boots. He ran into the company office where the sergeant-major would be found and where it so happened the applicant for discharge worked as a clerk. Opening the door he shouted:

"Sergeant-major! Sergeant-major! Come quick into our 'ut. There's bloody 'ell going on there. And (seeing the cause of the indignation) its all about 'im." He raised an accusing finger.

The sergeant-major wasted no time but followed the messenger into the hut. "Bloody 'ell" *was* going on there, but the warrant officer, cool, suave, diplomatic, brought calm to troubled waters.

"It's too late to do anything in this case, boys," he said, "but I will speak up for you."

Perhaps he did. We do not know. And anyhow the fault does not lie in this or any other camp, but in the fact that the demobilization scheme was completed without any consideration of the human problem, without any consideration of the fact that men who had fought would want to get home and would have a feeling that if any demobilization was begun they should be the first to go, leaving some of their number to be supported by recruits so that the army of occupation might not numerically fall below the requirements.

And so, downhearted in peace, although we never were in war, we go about our tasks moodily. And at such times as we are free we climb to the cliffs and look out across the pale blue channel.

Over there is the coast of France. France! Our thoughts go inland to the rude graves of those we buried there, the resting places of those who were never to come home. We recall the moments when they fell, this battle or that. . . .

The sea seems to have caught eternally the thunder of the guns and flings it against the rocks beneath. A plaintive cry from a sea gull catches at the heart. It sounds like the cry of a child. And so the thoughts come back, as they have always come, to home.

We wander into camp and sit in silence around the stoves in our huts. Now is no song of home. You do not hear "Blighty"; no longer rise the merry accents of

Say, don't you know what Blighty is?
Why, bless your heart,
It's the soldier's Home, Sweet Home.

No, the thought of home now is bitter sweet. And we cannot sing of it. For the first time in the army we cannot give expression to it in song.

HAROLD A. LITLEDALE.

LABOR AND SHIPS

BY CHARLES PIEZ

Director General, Emergency Fleet Corporation

GERMAN submarines sank more tonnage in a single month of 1917 than all the American shipyards then in existence could produce in a year, and the vessels sunk in a single quarter of that year exceeded the largest possible annual output of all the English yards.

In spite of the impetus given it by the great demand for shipping during the year 1916, the American shipbuilding industry was but a relatively small affair when we entered the war. It employed less than fifty thousand men and was producing ships at a rate of seven hundred thousand deadweight tons per year. The output per man was less than fifteen deadweight tons per year.

It required but a simple calculation to determine that in order to reach the goal of six million deadweight tons for 1918 set by Mr. Hurley, it would be necessary to secure a working force of at least four hundred thousand men just as fast as the additional shipbuilding facilities could be provided. And it was necessary to secure this great army as volunteers, because all talk of conscripting labor to man the yards was idle.

After a review of all the circumstances, the Emergency Fleet Corporation laid down the following guiding principles:

First. That the rate of wages set for shipyard workers must be sufficient to attract capable and experienced men from other industries and to compensate them for the discomforts of outside work throughout the year, and for the crowded and expensive living conditions in the shipyard districts.

Second. That in order to make shipyard work attrac-

tive not only to the floater and the adventurous workman, but also to the man with a family, adequate transportation facilities and adequate housing had to be provided.

Third. That in order to prevent excessive drifting of labor from one yard to another and from one district to another, a uniform wage rate had to be set and enforced by the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

Fourth. That owing to the large number of new yards it was necessary to instruct the managements in proper methods of employing and handling men, and owing to the large increase in the number of men in the yards it was necessary to instruct the new men in the rudiments of the shipyard crafts.

Fifth. That in order to instill into the minds of the workmen in the yards a proper sense of their duty and an appreciation of the overshadowing importance of their work, an educational campaign through posters, bulletins, moving pictures and speeches had to be inaugurated.

Sixth. That in order to prevent any interruptions to the continuous operations of the yards, some machinery had to be set up for the purpose of regulating hours, wages and conditions, adjusting differences and settling disputes.

Seventh. That in order properly to distribute the available labor supply among the several government departments in accordance with their relative importance and needs, central employment agencies for all government activities had to be inaugurated.

The formulation of these principles was, however, but the beginning of the task of securing an adequate supply of experienced men to man our yards. It was relatively easy to attract men to the yards by such propaganda as the "Shipyard Volunteers" and by exempting workers in the shipyards from service in the army. But the quick expansion of a force of fifty thousand skilled men by the addition of three hundred and fifty thousand more, drawn from every walk of life and from every line of activity or perhaps inactivity, presented problems of assimilation that time and persistent educational effort alone could meet.

Experienced shipbuilders and shop managers claim that labor cannot be diluted by the addition of more than ten per cent. per month without a very marked reduction in efficiency. Yet the dilution that, under the stress of circumstances, had to be made by the Fleet Corporation,

averaged for some months more than fifty per cent. of the force employed in the yards. It is to be borne in mind that all of the trained and experienced managers, superintendents and foremen were already engaged, and that this sudden and huge expansion of the industry involved the addition of inexperienced management and supervision as well as the addition of inexperienced men.

There were in operation in June, 1917, thirty-five yards capable of building vessels of over three thousand tons, and this number was increased to one hundred and forty-seven yards within twelve months. It can be truly said that the Fleet Corporation was unwise in creating so many new facilities until after it had expanded existing yards to the limit of their possibilities. If that policy had been followed from the beginning as it was later on, both labor and management problems would have been vastly simpler and ship-output correspondingly greater. But the wisdom that comes from a careful survey and deliberate consideration could hardly have been expected while the submarine was sinking one million tons a month and while there was an insistent public demand for immediate and wholesale action. Yards were begun in great number in the very early days of the Fleet Corporation's existence, and these yards had to be manned and managed.

Every employer who has had experience in largely expanding his force during a tight labor market will realize the difficulties that the situation presented, and will realize that no miracle of overnight transformation could be expected. The job was one of welding this huge mass of men, hastily gathered together, into a fairly effective producing-organization in a remarkably short space of time. The old and well-organized yards were amply able to handle this problem of assimilation, and some of the newer yards showed great skill in building up an effective organization, but in most cases the Fleet Corporation had to undertake the task. Training centers for developing instructors were established in various sections of the country, and at the signing of the armistice thirty-seven of these centers had turned out over eleven hundred instructors for the seventy-one training schools established at the various yards, under the auspices of the Fleet Corporation.

The National Service Section and the Publication Section of the Fleet Corporation both rendered conspicuous

service in bringing the men to a proper realization of the importance of their work and imbuing them with a conception of their duty and responsibility. This was accomplished through a country-wide educational campaign with speeches, posters and literature as the instruments.

Mr. Schwab, former Director General of the Fleet Corporation, visited, together with the writer, substantially every large and active shipyard in the country, and came into first-hand contact with the men. Our impression in every case was, that the men appreciated their responsibility and were doing their best to discharge it.

There were charges that the shipyards were the haven of slackers and shirkers and that the Fleet Corporation had ordered a relaxation of discipline to attract men. While the exemptions from military service granted to men in the yards undoubtedly brought men there to escape the draft, yet only 26,000 men out of a total of 390,000 were Class 1 men on the Fleet Corporation's exemption list in August, 1918, and of this number a very large percentage would have been entitled to exemption on industrial grounds.

If discipline in certain yards during this process of rapid upbuilding grew lax, it was not to be wondered at considering the inexperience of the management and the fact that for a time, at least, it seemed more essential to get men into the yards to turn out ships than to get them into the army. But the Fleet Corporation never relaxed its efforts to maintain discipline at a high level, and summary dismissals of large numbers of incompetents and slackers in some of the newer yards bear testimony to that fact. Improved methods of employment, however, rather than summary dismissals, were looked to for raising efficiency and improving discipline.

Output during this enormous dilution of labor, of course, dropped, and labor costs increased, both by reason of the drop in output and the considerable increase in wage rates. But, eliminating yards in which high labor costs are largely a question of inexperienced or incompetent management, the drop in output per man was not nearly as large as was generally supposed, although the combination of reduced output and increased wage presents a rather startling increase in labor costs.

In the case of a well-managed yard on the Pacific Coast

in which the number of men increased threefold in a little over a year, a comparison of wages and output with corresponding items of two years before revealed the fact that before the signing of the armistice, wages had advanced seventy per cent., and the output per man had been reduced to seventy per cent. of the former output. The result was a labor cost two and four-tenths times that of two years ago. In the case of two well-managed yards on the Atlantic Coast the results in the one were: Labor advance, 120 per cent.; output, 80 per cent.; resulting labor cost, two and three-quarter times that of the former period. In the other, labor advance, 100 per cent.; output, $66\frac{2}{3}$; resulting labor cost, three times that of two years ago.

With the signing of the armistice and the consequent reduced pressure under which the shipyards will be asked to work, it is very probable that a prompt and considerable increase in efficiency can be attained and that labor costs will go down to a level that will permit the yards to compete for foreign business.

The high wages now prevailing in the shipyards ought to secure a class of workmen whose experience, skill and energy will demonstrate that high wages are not inconsistent with low costs. The existing scale of wages was amply justified by the emergency; hereafter it will have to justify itself through increased output if the industry is to survive.

The Emergency Fleet Corporation has been so repeatedly charged with advancing wages unduly that a brief statement on this subject may be of interest. Recognizing the fact that an industrial undertaking of the magnitude of that of the Emergency Fleet Corporation could not be assured of continuous operation unless adequate means for composing disputes was provided, an agreement was entered into on August 20, 1917, between the American Federation of Labor, on the one hand, and the Emergency Fleet Corporation and the Navy on the other, by virtue of which all disputes concerning the hours, wages or conditions of employment were referred to a board of three which was to be known as the Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board. Immediately after its organization, the Board was called to the Pacific Coast to fix the wages of the shipyard workers, and after extended hearings handed down a decision that by reason of an increase in the cost of living up

to August 1, 1917, amounting to 31 per cent., the wages of the skilled crafts were to be raised from \$4.00 per day of eight hours to \$5.25, the increase to become retroactive to August 1st. This decision met with intense dissatisfaction because the unions in the Seattle district had already entered into an agreement with the largest yard in that district, by virtue of which the skilled crafts were to receive \$5.50 per day up to January 1st, and \$6.00 per day after that. As this agreement affected substantially 35 per cent. of the men in the district, it can be imagined that they did not welcome a decision involving a reduction in pay of $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

An appeal was, therefore, taken from the Board's decision directly to the executive officers of the Navy and the Fleet Corporation during the first week of December, 1917, and inasmuch as the cost of living had shown a further increase of almost 10 per cent. since August 1st, an advance of 10 per cent. of the Board rate was granted, becoming effective December 15th.

The agreement creating the Board provided for a reconsideration of its decisions at the end of each six-months period upon the request of the majority of the crafts affected. Reconsideration was asked by the west coast crafts on February 1, 1918, but the Board reaffirmed the rate of \$5.77 $\frac{1}{2}$ and the Board of Appeals confirmed this decision. In the meantime, the Board gave consideration to the demand of the men in the Atlantic, Gulf and Great Lakes yards, and fixed a wage of \$5.60 for eight hours for the skilled crafts. These rates, it will be seen, were by no means excessive, and became so only because, through the efforts and insistence of the organized crafts, these rates had to be paid to every man assigned to the work of the craft, whether he had the skill and experience or not.

The decision handed down for the Atlantic district included, in addition to a wage scale for a fairly well-developed classification of shipyard workers, a piece-rate schedule covering the operations of reaming, bolting, riveting and caulking. It was the first time, to my knowledge, that the Government based compensation on output rather than on the number of hours spent at work. The schedule was developed under the auspices of the Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board by a joint conference of the men and the employers, and while it was arrived at in a man-

ner far from scientific, and while it is studded here and there with inconsistencies, it has, nevertheless, proved a satisfactory method of wage payment, and should establish a precedent for setting piece rates in the metal trades industries through joint determination and bargaining.

On August 1, 1918, all of the skilled crafts in all of the districts presented claims for \$8.00 per day of eight hours, and while the claims for this further increase of 40 per cent. were supposed to be based on the increased cost of living, it was evident that the leaders of the men made the demand purely because their economic strength and the perfection of their organization seemed to assure success. The Wage Adjustment agreement gave no specific instruction to the Board on the subject of wage increases, but it was the spirit and implication of the agreement that adjustments should be made only when material changes in the cost of living had taken place. The Board, after careful investigation, handed down a decision in October, placing the wages for the skilled crafts in all districts at \$6.40 per day of eight hours, and making corresponding adjustments in the piece rates. The men immediately took their case to the Appeal Board provided for in the agreement, and failing to prevail there, more than thirty thousand shipyard workers in the Puget Sound District walked out on January 21st.

It is highly improbable that such a step would have been taken had the war continued; for the shipyards were remarkably free from strife and interruptions during the conduct of the war, and the men stood nobly by their obligations. It is to be regretted that in the face of the agreement existing with the Government, in the face of a full and impartial hearing, and in the face of a falling demand for ships, local labor leaders should have been so shortsighted as to take this step.

Had the war continued, it is questionable whether the Board could have continued to award increases in wages solely on the ground of increases in the cost of living. It takes but a moment's reflection to indicate the absolute futility of such a practise. If the shipyard workers and the munitions workers were entitled to such consideration, why was not every wage and salaried worker earning less than \$2,000 per year entitled to similar consideration, and why would it not have been absolute justice to all if wages

and salaries had been advanced periodically to keep step with the rising cost of living? This would at least have had the advantage that no one group would have profited at the expense of the other; and the failure of such a step to overtake or even stay so elusive an affair as the cost of living in war times might have forcibly brought home to all of us that increased production of the individual and increased self-denial in consumption were, after all, the only effective remedies to apply to the situation.

It must be admitted that much of the labor unrest that manifested itself in these wage demands grew out of the unwise and unregulated competition for the available labor by the employers. Wise and proper use of the available labor supply was just as essential as wise allocation of the supply of raw materials, yet, while we had a large body of experts in the War Industries Board controlling the supply and distribution of materials, the directive control of the supply of labor was left to a few detached individuals or boards that were supposed to enlist in a scheme of voluntary co-operation and co-ordination under the none too powerful and none too effective direction of the War Labor Policies Board.

It is true that this particular Board had no authority to direct, and that it was supposed to insure harmony of action among the various labor bodies by developing uniform policies for all. But while the War Labor Policies Board was discussing questions of policy in Washington, shops working for one department of the Government were taking men from the shipyards where they were getting seventy cents per hour by offering them eighty and ninety cents per hour. And shops, furnishing machinery to shipyards as subcontractors over which the Fleet Corporation had no control, were beating the shipyard scale ten and twenty cents per hour without let or hindrance, until it became possible through the War Industries Board to cut off their supply of raw materials if their breaches of the scale became too flagrant.

What was needed, therefore, was not so much the machinery to control the distribution of labor as the machinery to control the inconsiderate, grasping employer who was bound to get out his work no matter how it affected others.

With many Government contracts on a cost plus a fee

basis, and with department heads driving the contractors for delivery, small regard was paid by the latter to wage rates, particularly as no national wage policy had been announced.

Even the Federal Employment agencies, established by the Department of Labor, while effective in securing and distributing common and some skilled labor, were wholly ineffectual in providing for a proper distribution of the available supply of labor among Government departments and among the various essential industries.

We may as well admit that, in spite of the War Labor Board, the War Labor Policies Board, and the several Adjustment Boards, we had no national labor policy during the war; and we failed to have it because we thought of the problem as a *Labor Problem* rather than as a *Production Problem*.

If we had had in the War Industries Board a Director of Production, charged with the responsibility of seeing that all industries producing war materials for the Government were producing in proper quantities and at equal speed to suit the needs of the General Staff, and that not only material, but labor, was properly distributed among them, some real results would have been achieved.

As it was, the several departments of the Government finally arrived at some form of casual co-operation that most imperfectly met the needs of the situation.

There was never any harmony in either the actions of the departments or the decisions of the various adjustment boards, although a few conferences with that end in view were held a month or two before the signing of the armistice.

The Fleet Corporation set up for itself, however, a fairly effective machine to handle its labor problems, for not only did its Labor Adjustment Board lay down uniform and nationwide rules on the subject of hours, wages, and conditions, but its district organizations were so expanded and developed as to insist on a more exact adherence to the rules and decisions of the Adjustment Board.

The existing agreement with the men expires on March 31st, and it is the purpose of the Emergency Fleet Corporation to pass the determination of labor policies back to the yard owners and their men.

The value and success of the Fleet Corporation's work is attested by the fact that both the shipbuilders and the representatives of the workers have requested that the Emergency Fleet Corporation continue its direction of these matters, but it has been wisely decided that it is best for the future of the industry that the Government should cease its direction of matters that are properly within the scope of the yard management.

CHARLES PIEZ.

THE STRATEGY ON THE WESTERN FRONT

II.

BY LIEUT. COLONEL H. H. SARGENT, U. S. ARMY

OF course, at this time, no figures as to the strength of the armies on the Western front at various periods can be obtained with accuracy; nevertheless, an approximation, which will answer the purpose for an analysis and a discussion of the strategy on the Western front, may be obtained by a comparison of different estimates and statements.

It is generally admitted by both sides that at the battle of the Marne the Allies considerably outnumbered the Germans. *The Times History of the War, Vol. II*, page 51, estimates the Allies at rather more than 2,000,000 and the Germans at rather less than 2,000,000, and states that of combatants actually engaged in the battle there were probably 3,000,000 in all.

Lieutenant General Baron von Freytag-Loringhaven in his book, "*Deductions from the World War*," pages 90 and 91, says:

At the beginning of the war of 1914 the armed force of France alone was slightly in excess of the whole mobilized strength of Germany, while if we deduct the German forces employed in the East and those which were in the first instance kept at home for coast defence, the French, English and Belgians possessed a numerical superiority of something like three-quarters of a million men.

After the Battle of the Marne the strength of the field forces of the Allies on the Western front was increased and of Germany decreased up to September 1, 1915, when the numbers, according to the estimate of Frank H. Simonds in

the *American Review of Reviews* for October, were as follows:

	Allies	Germans
French	2,000,000	
British	750,000	1,500,000
Belgian	100,000	
	2,850,000	

But if such a great inequality in numbers between the Allies and the Germans did exist at that time, it was not continued long; for some time afterwards, but prior to the attack on Verdun in the following February, a number of German divisions were transferred from the Eastern to the Western front. Just how many is not accurately known, but probably about a quarter million of men. But, at any rate, it seems to be generally admitted that there was not a sufficient number transferred at this time to make Germany's strength on the Western front anywhere near equal to that of the Allies at the time of the attack on Verdun.

For a year and a half following the attack at Verdun, the Allies seem to have outnumbered the Germans by several hundred thousand; but the total collapse of Russia in November, 1917, permitted Germany to strengthen greatly her forces on the Western front early in the year 1918. On March 16, 1918, just five days prior to the great attack begun by the Germans towards Amiens, Colonel Slocum, Military Attaché at London, reported the number of combatant forces on the Western front to be:

	Divisions	Battalions	Rifle Strength	Artillery
British	58	555	600,000	5,892
French	97 ¹	915	764,000	9,806
American	4 ²	48	49,000	316
Belgian	6	108	64,000	598
Portuguese	2	24	26,000	68
Total Allies ...	167	1,650	1,503,000	16,680
Total Enemy ..	186	1,700	1,370,000	15,734

But evidently a number of German divisions that had recently arrived or were *en route* were not included in this

¹Two French dismounted cavalry divisions not included.

²There are 5½ American divisions in France; 3 or 4 referred to above are still under instruction.

report; for on May 25, Colonel Slocum reported the numbers as follows:

	Divisions	Battalions	Rifle Strength	Artillery
British	Omitted	495	520,000	6,247
French	103	964	674,000	10,103
American	5	60	65,000	458
Belgian	6	108	56,000	699
Italian	2	24	16,000	100
Total Allies ...	166	1,651	1,331,000	17,607
Total Enemy ..	208	1,914	1,654,926	17,168

This would indicate that the Germans had a preponderance of trained fighting men on the line of about 300,000 on May 25; but this only takes into account 65,000 Americans out of more than 700,000 then in France. Of the 1,019,115 which Secretary Baker reported as having been sent to France prior to July, 1918, fully half were ready to take their places on the firing line by the end of August. In August, September and October nearly a million more men were sent to France; so that by November 1 there were nearly two million American soldiers in France, of whom probably one-half or thereabouts were ready to take their places on the firing line. All of which clearly indicates that the Allies have had a considerable preponderance of fighting men and guns on the Western front since July 1, 1918.

GERMANY'S SECOND GREAT MISTAKE

As a result of the battle of the Marne the German Army was halted, turned back, forced to dig in, and take up a defensive rôle which brought Germany's offensive on the Western front to an end for the time being. For about a year and a half she continued to act defensively there; and although she was considerably outnumbered by the Allies during this period, she held the front easily.

In the meantime she took the offensive in force against her enemies in other parts of the theatre of war. And having in these operations made a gigantic and successful campaign against the Russians and a marvelously successful one against the Serbians, she determined to make another powerful effort to break through the Western front and resume a war of movement.

Just why she changed her plan from the defensive to the offensive on the Western front before she had entirely disposed of her enemies in Russia, Serbia and Italy is not fully

understood. But the probable reason is that she felt the necessity of making another great effort there before Great Britain could complete the organization and training of her great army and make it ready for operations in France, which she was then engaged in doing. And since Germany's victories in the East and in the Balkans had greatly encouraged her and would enable her to transport a number of the veteran and victorious divisions of her Eastern armies to the Western front; and since the fall of the fortresses of Liege, Antwerp, and Maubeuge, resulting from the fire of the big Austrian and German guns, had demonstrated that fortresses in this war were of little account in the reckoning; and not knowing that the French had already absorbed this lesson and moved their great guns from their forts to concealed positions, she hoped to meet with better success this time in breaking through on the Western front. At any rate, she purposed trying it, and in February, 1916, began her great attack against Verdun.

This attack was one of the most sustained and formidable in history. For five months the German Crown Prince tried to break through the line at this point. In repeated and most desperate assaults, at the expense of enormous losses in life, he hurled his divisions against the French; but all his efforts were in vain. The line held. Verdun remained in possession of the French, and all the blood spilt by the German soldiers in that mighty effort went for naught.

And it was all a mistake, another great blunder; for with the same effort here spent, and probably a far less loss of life, Germany could in turn have completed her victories on the Eastern front, destroyed the army at Salonika, and captured that important sea port; then with greatly superior forces struck and crushed the Italian army; and then, with all her enemies disposed of outside of France and Belgium, have returned to the Western front with an enormous preponderance of forces, elated by great victories, for a campaign against her enemies there. And even had she not been able to do all this, she would have been able to do a great part of it; which would have brought her just that much nearer to a final victory, instead of having been brought, as she actually was, by her great failure and sacrifices at Verdun, just that much nearer to final defeat.

The two fundamental facts upon which all strategy is

based are, first, that an army in order to live and fight must have food, clothing, equipments, ammunition, weapons and reinforcements; and secondly, that these supplies and men must be brought to it over its lines of communication. These lines of communication running from its front to its bases of operation and supply are its nerves and its arteries and veins; sever them, and you destroy the army; even threaten them, and serious consequences are apt to follow. Hence it follows that the commander-in-chief of an army must ever keep a watchful eye upon them and be ever ready to protect them against any attack or threatened attack. But simply the protection of his own communications is not enough. If he expects to accomplish anything great in war, he must do much more than this: he must, if possible, so plan his operations, so direct his attacks, as to threaten or destroy his adversary's communications. It is then that a victory on the battlefield will bring with it momentous results.

But on the Western front it was impossible for either army to turn or outflank the other and strike its communications, since the fronts of each rested on the neutral country of Switzerland at one end and on the English Channel at the other. Hence it was by frontal attack only that either army could hope to break through and resume a war of movement; and since each was determined to prevent the other from breaking through, each constructed strong lines of intrenchments, with machine gun emplacements, wire entanglements, and other accessories.

The difficulty of breaking through these strongly entrenched lines was made more difficult by the employment on each side of the new war weapon, the aeroplane, which enabled the air scouts to sail over and beyond the enemy's line and to see and report any concentration of his forces. This knowledge enabled the commanding general of the opposing army to assemble his reserves opposite the threatened sector of his line in order to repulse the attack. In other words, the element of surprise, which in so many of the great battles of history has been such an important factor in determining results could not, as formerly, be made use of in the face of these new war weapons. Of course, the aeroplane has not entirely eliminated the chance of surprise, but it has made it, even in a small way, very difficult of attainment.

A glance at the map of the railways of Germany, France, and Belgium indicates that the most numerous and most important lines are those that traverse the country from east to west. Fourteen lines of track cross the Rhine between Switzerland and Holland. In addition to these main lines, two parallel lines on either bank of the Rhine follow its course north and south and many other cross lines connect the towns of the east and west lines with each other. In Germany the double track lines are much more numerous than in France and Belgium; some lines, indeed, having four parallel tracks. The chief difference between the countries is especially noticeable in the extraordinary development that the Germans had given to their connecting and crossing railways between stations and to platforms for loading and to the number of strategic railways near the frontier that they had built largely for purely military purposes.

The most important lines of communication of the combatant armies as they stood on the Western front from Belfort on the border of Switzerland, through Verdun, Reims, and St. Quentin to Nieuport on the English Channel were those several east and west railways which run from Paris in turn to Vienna, to Prague, to Berlin, and to Hamburg. They lie in a direction generally perpendicular to the Western front and cross the Rhine at Nuenberg, Breisach, Strassburg, Germensheim, Speyers (Speir), Mannheim, Mayence (Mainz), Coblentz, Bonn, Cologne, Dusseldorf, Rheinhausen, Ruhrort, Wesel, and other places.

Numbered from the south, the main railways are:

First: The line from Paris to Vienna *via* Belfort, Mulhausen, Augsburg, and Munich.

Second: The line from Paris to Vienna *via* Chalons, Nancy, Strassburg, Carlsruhe, Stuttgart and Munich.

Third: The line from Paris to Prague *via* Chalons, Verdun, Metz, Saarbruck, Germensheim, Heilbron, and Nuremberg.

Fourth: The line from Paris to Dresden *via* Chateau-Thierry, Verdun, Metz, Mayence, Frankfurt, and Leipzig.

Fifth: The line from Paris to Berlin *via* Laon, Mezieres, Thionville (Diedenhofen), Treves, Coblentz, Giesen, Cassel, and Magdeburg. That part of this line which passes through the winding valley of the Moselle from Trionville to Coblentz is a strategic railway constructed

since the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. It joins the network of lines that the German military staff has built about Metz in the last few years and is the last in the series of communications by which Germany was able to penetrate France without traversing Luxemburg or Belgium.

Sixth: The line from Paris to Berlin *via* Laon, Mezieres, Maubeuge, Namur, Liege, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Barmen, Wehrden, and Magdeburg.

Seventh: The line from Paris to Berlin *via* Laon, Hirson, Maubeuge, Namur, Liege, Aix-la-Chapelle, Dusseldorf, Hamm, Magdeburg.

Eighth: The line from Paris to Berlin *via* Compiègne, St. Quentin, Maubeuge, Namur, Liege, Aix-la-Chapelle, Duisburg, Essen, Hamm, and Hanover.

Ninth: The line from Paris to Hamburg *via* Montdidier, Cambria, Mons, Charleroi, Namur, Liege, Aix-la-Chapelle, Wesel, and Bremen.

As to these last four lines it will be noted that all merge into one line in passing through Namur, Liege, and Aix-la-Chapelle; and that there is no other east and west line to the southward until the Mezieres-Sedan-Thionville railway south of the Ardennes mountains is reached.

Various important railway lines also connect the principal towns of France and Belgium with Calais, Boulogne, and other channel ports.

The Germans obtained their supplies, munitions and reinforcements over the railways extending eastward from the Western front into Germany; the French theirs over those extending westward and south-westward from the Western front to Paris, which was their great manufacturing and distributing center; and the English, theirs over those leading back from their lines on the Western front to Calais and Boulogne and other Channel ports. Supplies landed at Le Havre and Brest and a number of other French ports, for the use of the Allied armies, were mostly sent to Paris for distribution.

After America came into the war in April, 1917, other new lines of communication and supply were established for the American forces. They extended from behind the Western front in the vicinity of St. Mihiel, just south of Verdun, westward, southwestward, and southward across

France to the principal American points of debarkation at St. Nazaire, La Rochelle, Bordeaux, and Marseilles.

For three years and a half after the battle of the Marne, the line of the Western front separating the opposing armies in France and Belgium was, with the exception of a slight change made in it as a result of the battle of the Somme, practically stationary; and was in shape like that of an elongated letter S, the upper part northwest of Verdun, bulging towards Paris, the lower part southeast of Verdun, towards Strassburg. And such was the shape of the Western front when the great attack was made at Verdun.

Inasmuch as Verdun was one of the strongest points of the entire front, and well known to be such by the Germans, the question naturally arises why did the German General Staff select that point for attack, and why did they sacrifice so many men in repeated and fruitless efforts to break through the French front there?

The answer is, that the map shows that Verdun, and that portion of the French front just west of Verdun to Reims, was the only sector of the whole line where the Germans could by breaking through it cut off the communications of a large part of the French army with Paris. Strategically then this sector of the line was the place to strike.

It might appear that had the attempt been made to break through westward of Verdun, near Reims, it would have met with better success; but even so, in that case, so long as Verdun itself held out, it is evident that the break could not have been sufficiently widened to make it safe for a German army to pass through. In order, therefore, to carry out this plan successfully, it was absolutely necessary that Verdun itself be taken; and had it been taken, the gap towards Reims could have easily been widened.

It is evident that had this plan been successfully carried out, it would have produced momentous results; for a break through this sector of the line and an advance through Chalons and Troyon towards Troyes and Chaumont, would have severed the communications with Paris of the entire right wing of the French Army, which was occupying the line from Verdun to Belfort. Having broken through it, the Germans might have taken either of two courses: They

might have left a containing force¹ to hold the right wing of the French Army, while they moved westward with their remaining forces to envelop Paris; or they might have left a containing force to hold the French forces towards Paris, while they closed in with their remaining forces on the French right wing and captured it. They would probably have followed the latter plan, since the whole right wing of the French Army, with its communications severed and a powerful German force pressing it in front, could not have escaped capture. This accomplished, practically all the German forces in front of, as well as in rear of, the French right wing would then have been released to assist in enveloping and capturing the French forces about Paris.

The consequences of a German victory at Verdun would have been immense, for it would have meant the destruction of France, perhaps the conquering of the world. Thus it was that the Germans made such mighty efforts to break through the French front there. At first their formidable blows proved irresistible and led to the capture of a large part of the fortified area about Verdun and of the important outlying forts of Douamont and Vaux. And they were most persistent; again and again for a period of five months they brought their troops to the attack, until the very ravines ran red with blood. And it seemed as if they might succeed in spite of their immense losses; for they appeared ready and willing to sacrifice any number of men in order to gain a few yards of ground.

It was a critical period in the world's history; the outlook was portentous; free government was trembling in the balance. And to those who understood the strategy of the situation, the mighty assaults on Verdun filled their hearts with dread akin to despair, lest the Germans would break through and all would be lost. But the French soldiers, the indomitable French soldiers, inspired by their great fighter, Pétain, barred the way and hurled them back; and France was saved; and the friends of freedom once more took courage.

¹"*Containing Force*": A body of troops charged with the duty of holding in check a body (generally numerically superior) of the enemy, while the main efforts of the army are directed against another portion of the hostile body.—Wagner.

(To be continued)

LINCOLN AND HAMLET

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

AFTER reading all one day about Abraham Lincoln, and going to see *Hamlet* on the next, I was struck by certain resemblances between the two characters, and I began to ponder over the universal popularity of each of them. The world seems to adore problem characters, men in whom there are several natures and who pass from one mood into the next through a point that crackles with electrical fire, a point where grief and smiles meet—sometimes in a torrent or blast of feeling and more often in a mere silent flash of transition. It is this crackling point that puzzles the world and delights it too. The incongruous has in it something of the divine. You meet this in Byron's letters, but not in his poetry. If Byron's humor could have run into his verses quite spontaneously, *Don Juan* would have been a classic. In Hamlet and in Lincoln there is a constant fizz and sparkle, a mingling of streams and some new surprise of nature at every moment. We always understand, and yet we can never explain. This motley seems to be what humanity requires in a truly popular human character.

It should be noted as often as possible that the one thing in the world which is always spontaneous is humor. There is no substitute for humor, no imitation that deceives us. It is the one thing that pierces the iron sides of hypocrisy; black coats and long faces cannot resist it. Nay, they evoke and create it; they draw the lightning. Humor is a mystery, and the ubiquity of humor in Shakespeare's plays is what makes them great and—from the point of view of pure reason—incomprehensible. They are the mirage of literature; you cannot sail up to them.

One resemblance between Hamlet and Lincoln is due to the chasm that separates each of them from the rest of the characters in the play, and this chasm is what gives rise to

the jets of wit and pathos that leap across it. The immense friendliness and affectionateness of both these characters and their yearning towards everyone—as shown, for instance, in Hamlet's greeting of the players and in Lincoln's dealings with all mankind—unites them in our mind; though it must be admitted that Hamlet was often irritable, and Lincoln always as kind as summer. But both men are helplessly moody, and moods are what fascinate the world. Men wish to unravel the mystery. Now the truth is that neither did Shakespeare understand Hamlet, nor did Lincoln comprehend himself. But we—we are the jury—we positively must understand. Hence the two great literatures of these two great subjects.

A morbid, slightly hysterical, poetic temperament, a mind intensely analytical yet gifted with an intrusive lightning humor that made it see the fallacy before it had time to state the proposition, a mind burdened with a practical responsibility and over-charged with feeling—such was Hamlet, and Lincoln differs from him chiefly in this, that he lacked Hamlet's philosophic power, and that he had in its stead a religious faith which pulled him through in the end and made a practical man of him. In the meantime, however, Lincoln was always weaving his little thread, striving to find some fiber that would hold. He was a doctrinaire and maintained a thesis, which he sleeplessly revised for years, like a man making an aeroplane. It was a thing built for the special winds of the epoch, and he kept adding wheels and gauges to it from time to time. It was a political, not a philosophic machine; but it was driven by the popular passions of an important epoch, and was able to take up their power and utilize them. For this reason it is forever interesting. It is the old republican dynamo—of the model of 1850-60.

Lincoln's mind could see a political idea only when it was above the political horizon—or was just nearly about to rise. He was caged and controlled by the conviction that *there must be a United States*—a thought which would never have given Hamlet a moment's pause or concern. Lincoln starts out with his conclusion and labors handsomely, honestly, painfully at the structure of his argument. He always reminds me of a very knowing mountain mule, who is picking his way up a rocky road amid the loose stones, and carrying a heavy and precious load upon his back, while

precipices yawn below at every turn. But he is mountain-bred. Have no fear for him. He is domestic here and has trod these hills as a colt. He knows every peak and cranny of the land. The landscape is bleak and rugged, the habitations humble, scattered and uniform. It is a sad land, without our cathedrals, theatres, or the charms of a domestic civilization. I have always wondered why Lincoln stopped short in his education; for surely the Bible, Shakespeare and Weems' Life of Washington were enough to introduce him to the whole of literature. He could have obtained books. Scott and Byron and Boswell's Johnson were in some vogue in the Eastern States. He was a hard student in his single line of slavery and the Constitution. He was used all his life to go to libraries and read biographies and memoirs about his one subject. But he seems to have lacked any large intellectual curiosity, and the traditional explanation of this lack—the meagreness of his surroundings—is not convincing. In Lincoln's situation, Franklin would have imported books—from Europe if necessary. It is needful to point out this quality of Lincoln's mind, because the whole subject has been reduced to a series of legends or traditional views. Lord Charnwood's charming book is individual, picturesque and fresh. It is written in a hand-made, self-taught, colloquial spirit that makes us love the author. He brings to bear the light of long study and of patient thought upon Lincoln's temperament and personal characteristics; and in this Lord Charnwood is original. The novel touches and happiness of the book concern details. But in matters of politics the author's mind is subdued to what it works in, it is saturated with American feeling, and speaks from the conventional point of view. It is deficient in big ideas. When Lord Charnwood comes face to face with the Sybil of History he turns away with some euphemism of the sentimental English school of thought—a thing that is moral and polite, but says nothing. Such an occasion arises, of course, with regard to John Brown.

The American Abolition question in the United States began in 1829 and rumbled along for thirty years, and was vaguely understood in Europe, somewhat as a Russian revolution is followed in America. But when in 1859 John Brown's Raid fell like a bolt from the sky, men in Europe were startled. A great bell had tolled. An elemental shock had rolled out of America, an appeal to humanity.

As was to be expected, those who were near the instrument were bad judges of the size and carrying power of its tone. Lincoln himself, being caged in his problems of tangible politics, was obtuse to the meaning of John Brown's Raid; and Lord Charnwood, in commenting on this obtuseness, says: "With a very clear conscience we refuse to take example from these men (like John Brown), whose very defects have operated in them as a special call; but undoubtedly most of us regard them with a warmth of sympathy which we are slow to accord to safer guides." This is an empty compliment. Except where great dramatic, spiritual ideas are in issue Lord Charnwood is a good commentator. His notes on Hamlet's madness, on his relations to Ophelia, to the grave-diggers, to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are apt and excellent. But when Lord Charnwood touches upon the great argument that stalks behind the whole drama, the bloody crime—a brother's murder—that ghost of Hamlet's father, that spectre of impending retribution—the Slavery Question—Lord Charnwood is feeble. The subject is disturbing, ungentle and vast. Lord Charnwood came not here to discuss that. And yet that ghost is at the bottom of every incident in the play. The ghost is always on the stage; and the drama of Lincoln's life consisted in this, that he could never frame a philosophy that would include the ghost. He did not understand the gist of his own life's role till the curtain had fallen on the war, and everyone understood the plot of the whole great play.

Lincoln never understood the Slavery Question. He was always bent on preserving the Union with or without slavery. Slavery had been accorded certain rights under the original Constitution, and Lincoln's panacea was that all parties should go back to those conditions and live as happily as they could. This was a logical, legal-minded notion; but it failed to take facts into account. The whole world had changed since the oak of the United States had been planted in a pot with an iron band of slavery about the brim. Slavery was at war with democratic institutions, slavery was at war with the mind of the world, slavery must go. The Southern Autocracy, which loomed so large in the thoughts of our half-educated ancestors, was a little group of benighted pirates left, as it were, on an island. That group had no future; no place in the sun awaited it. The notion of preserving slavery because it was provided for in

the Constitution of the United States was the thought of illiterate men; and illiteracy qualifies the whole political history of the United States between 1830 and 1860.

Had Lincoln in his youth seen the problem in the larger light, had he seen that slavery was doomed, he might never have been President; but his enormous mental powers would have been exercised freely instead of being employed in bolstering up a thesis which was essentially false. He had, in fact, such gigantic natural powers that I believe his utterances would have brought the brains of Europe to our rescue, and that the whole subject of slavery in America would have been dragged to the light and settled—by war, of course—sooner than it was. But Lincoln's brain was cramped by the poison of the very institution that he opposed. He could not see that the Constitution of the United States was a fetish, and that he himself was like a superstitious woman who was clinging to a rag doll during a tempest at sea.

Lincoln had moments of illumination which the historians have made the most of, but his habits of self-suppression and his belief in his doctrine besieged him and the light would flicker and go out. For some reason, it is always regarded as an extraordinary manifestation of virtue if a politician ever takes a course which is contrary to his apparent political interest, even if it accords with a larger ambition. And thus the occasions on which Lincoln allowed the views of the Abolitionists to trickle into his speeches are pointed to as examples of wonderful heroism. In particular, Lincoln's speech about "the house divided against itself," and his prophecy that the Union was destined to become all slave or all free, is always cited as an instance of wonderful courage and wonderful insight. But this speech was made at the time that the Republican party was being formed; and the Abolitionists had been shouting similar prophecies from the housetops for twenty-five years. It was due to their vociferation that the idea at last leaked into Lincoln; and due to their influence on the voters in 1858 that he found courage to utter it. The Abolitionists are forgotten, because they were monotonous, like the murmur of the sea, a continuous, distributive, pounding influence. They were dreadfully unpleasant at the time, and what they created with their pounding was atmospheric, it was a substance which only very imaginative historians

can perceive. Thus it has been lost, and Lincoln is represented as acting *in vacuo*.

Lincoln's inability to see the deeper issue behind the politics of his times could be illustrated from any one of his speeches, but is best seen in its nakedness at the time when he took office as President. At this time the long threatened eruption of the volcano was in full blast. Half a dozen States had seceded, Sumter was besieged, the Constitution was in tatters.

Yet Lincoln was among those who offered to *woo the seceding States back again* by a special amendment to the Constitution which should give them additional guarantees, and copper-fasten their sacred rights in some particular way. This was like offering a nosegay to a mad bull, but it was logical and legal-minded. All that can be said for Lincoln in a philosophic point of view is that he reflected the most advanced views possible to the *political* mind in his country.

Lincoln threw into political life as much as that life could carry of the liberal thought of a most benighted age. He did this with the genius of perhaps the greatest popular speaker and demonstrator in history. Our people are in the habit of saying that if Lincoln had been more profound he wouldn't have been understood. I do not believe this; I believe merely that if he had been more profound he could not have held office.

The insoluble question in history is the question how far any ruler is the victim of public opinion and how far public opinion is the victim of him. Let any one read at leisure Lincoln's First Inaugural, and try to determine just how courageous Lincoln was or how discreet, just how much promise of a strong Government there was in this speech, and how much concession to the insolence of the South and to the timidity of the North. One would have to read all the newspapers of the United States during the previous thirty years in order to make a good guess at such a matter, and even that would not suffice. One must have been alive at the time of the speech. And even if all this could be done, each one of us would decide the point according to his temperament. Such is the study of history.

In the Great War which has just closed, we have all lived through an epoch of action and reaction between a democratic executive and his people, which has left the

matter a mystery. One cannot help wondering what the historians will make of it. The present generation will remember the hammering that Mr. Wilson got, the speeches, the meetings, the memorials, the rage, the outcry—the voice of the people as it dinned the popular will into Mr. Wilson. All this clamor is as much a part of history as the conduct of the Executive. The speeches of Mr. Wilson will be accessible, of course; but to later generations the other side of the dialogue—what the people said—will be lost in the murmur of the sea.

There is one great difference between the procession of Lincoln's speeches and the procession of Mr. Wilson's speeches. All of Lincoln's speeches are parts of a single argument, even the earliest ones show traces of his latest thoughts. In the course of the Civil War Lincoln's philosophy developed very little. When the time came, it simply busted, like the one hoss shay; and he did what was necessary in regard to the great abuse, slavery. As to Mr. Wilson's speeches on the Great War, I doubt if the human mind can piece them together into any coherence. Each is a prophetic deliverance, and if you should put them in a pile one on top of the other, they would destroy one another and give you zero as a result. Nevertheless, Mr. Wilson's final attitude was the decisive one, so far as politics went, and the earlier speeches are expunged. The process by which this was done will be invisible to posterity, like the actinic rays which stain the photographic plate but which the eye cannot see.

Of the two men, Mr. Wilson's mind is far more normal and far less interesting than Lincoln's. Mr. Wilson is no Samson Agonistes brooding over Israel, but a ready electrical machine that obeys major currents. In Lincoln's place Wilson would have responded to the winning current (namely, to the Northern determination to win the war) sooner than Lincoln did; for Lincoln's dread of moving faster than public opinion was turbid, morbid and more elephantine than Wilson's similar fear. The hesitation Lincoln showed in relieving Fort Sumter is to my mind as exasperating as Mr. Wilson's treatment of the Invasion of Belgium during the first year of the war.

Lincoln's political timidity has had an evil influence upon American character from his day to our own. I have never been in an American reform movement in which Lin-

coln's example was not quoted daily as a reason for doing nothing at all; and it is quite certain that the precedent of 1860 had a powerful influence in preventing our Administration from preparing for war in 1914. If Lincoln had in 1861 adopted the tone of Andrew Jackson in calling on the North to put down the rebellion, the Civil War would have been shorter. This is no more than saying that if Hamlet had been a sensible young man he would have had his uncle, the bad King, indicted for murder, would have married Ophelia and lived happily ever after. But we should have had no play of Hamlet. And if Lincoln had been a good executive, we should have had no Lincoln.

To illustrate his inefficiency I will quote the much-admired closing lines of the First Inaugural. At the time that Lincoln spoke them the South was in arms and organized. The authority of the United States had been openly defied for more than two months:

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

These lines have a certain lyrical beauty, they are a fine soliloquy. Lincoln seems to be debating inwardly "whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them." But as a call to the patriotism of the North to help put down a criminal rebellion, the lines are flat; and if regarded as a threat to a province actually in revolt, they are ludicrous. They would tend to incite any manly revolutionist to unusual activity.

Mr. Wilson's early pacifism, his advice to us not to think about Belgium, his "too proud to fight," "America first," "peace without victory," etc., had a sting in them. They were a tonic. But Lincoln's words are the drowsy syrups of the east; John-a-Dreams (as Hamlet calls himself) is in them. And yet Lincoln was longing to arouse the war-spirit in the North, and Wilson feared to arouse that spirit in his countrymen. The moral of both cases is the same.

The American people is slow, but sensible: war was in each case necessary, and the people would have fought and won the war, no matter who had been President.

But a deeper truth hovers over the outcome. There is a *rationale* in this apparent inefficiency of democracy; there is a spiritual law at the bottom of this exasperating slowness of America. You might express the matter thus: Poetry is more important than prose. Poetry endures, prose fades and vanishes. As for Mr. Wilson's utterances, it is too soon yet to hazard a guess as to which class—prose or verse—they belong to. Upon whatever wind it was that he rose, he soars today in such a heaven of contemporary fame as no modern man has ever reached before. At what point he will alight is as yet unimaginable.

Lincoln has passed into the domestic lore and love of mankind. He was a saint, a prophetic nature, a humorist, a sage, and a peasant. He spent much time upon his knees, and much time in personal chat with thousands of people. In his conversations, in his speeches, in his letters, his personality was ever greater than the occasion, and greater than his dogma. He spoke in fables and parables. His state documents contain passages of grotesque, spontaneous, powerful humor which split a subject open—sudden human appeals that are like certain lines in Robert Burns' songs, they smite. He seems to have lived in that detachment of spirit which expresses itself in homely figures, and shows that the profoundest truths are ever the nearest truths.

Lincoln survives in personal anecdotes, like one of the great figures of antiquity, and later generations seem to crawl in and out of his pockets. The history of the Civil War is chiefly read in order that Lincoln may be understood and enjoyed. His mind lights up the epoch, and when the illumination of that mind was quenched, the times become sad, complex and uninteresting. The Muse of History has closed her book.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

THE ANSWER FROM ITALY¹

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

CARISSIMA:

Returning from Trieste on a torpedo boat this morning I fell to thinking about a letter of yours that came to me in Rome last spring, the one written—do you remember?—in your friend's Italian garden beside the pool with the low parapet and the marble image of Pan. I have thought of that letter often in these last months and to-day certain parts of it came back to me with a new meaning as I sat there on the high bridge amidships, my arm resting on the base of a machine gun and my eyes looking across the tossing sea to the shore of Istria on the one side and on the other to the long side of the Carnian Alps, swept clear by the north wind and glowing in the sun. I had been meditating—between scraps of conversation with a young Italian officer beside me—upon the strange extremes of superlative achievement and desperate defeat the folds of those hills had concealed; of how Cadorna's army had made its way over them and through them with unsurpassable skill and fortitude, paying for every metre of advance with blood, and had then retreated disastrously, inexplicably, after the betrayal of Caporetto. To-day the massive peaks, touched with every shade of glorious color, were radiant with victory. Even Hermada, the single height that had stood between that army and Trieste, lifted its purple shoulder as if absolved from same. Yet the triumph, so swiftly won as to be even now almost incredible, was won, I reflected, not in the few days of brave advance, but in the long year of patient, sternly disciplined resistance. Trieste was not won without Caporetto.

I thought of that while my mind was still teeming with

¹ Suggested by "A Letter to a Friend in Rome," by Anne C. E. Allinson, in *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* for October, 1918.

the sights I had just seen, while the emotions of thousands of human beings into whose faces I had looked, with many of whom I had talked, seemed to be throbbing in my own pulse. And then it was that I remembered what you had said about our parts as "atoms in the cosmic misery inflicted by Germany," of the different forms our own resistance, yours and mine, had been forced to take by circumstance, and of your attitude of waiting—of waiting with faith.

To me it would be the denial of all faith to acknowledge any "gulf" between you in America and Stefano and me in the war zone, or between us working here on the edge of the conflict and Christopher upon whom the iron hand has rested. Even the inexorable gulf that Jerry has crossed is narrow I believe in comparison with the chasm that opened up between me and a certain woman with whom I talked recently—an American in Italy—one who has suffered and endured within the sound of guns yet whose eyes have not seen nor her ears heard the things that have been revealed to this generation. You and I "tied up to the biggest thing in history," on the same windward side, on that summer day when the German army was invading Belgium and we sat among the scented pines in our remote corner of New England and spurned neutrality and pronounced our personal judgment upon Germany. The same faith has sustained us through the storm.

Believing in a faith enlightened by truth and supported by justice, we then declared that the only fitting punishment for Germany was that she should be left with only a "scrap of paper" for her defense. Yet how difficult is justice! For a scrap of paper in the hands of honest men is more than a scrap of paper; and it was written in the books that Germany should not suffer to the measure of her sins. In a civilized world she could never be made to endure the penalties retributive justice would demand.

And now—the war is won! Christopher has returned to you. General Foch and his armies have done their perfect work. Autocracy is overthrown. Germany is a prisoner of war and Austria is dismembered. The forces of Thor are conquered. De we behold a new earth and a new heaven? Was our faith justified?

It was a hard question for me to put to myself just then, for I had been watching one of the saddest spectacles of

the war in Italy, the multitudes of prisoners out of Austria. They came pouring down into Trieste, half-clothed, foot-sore, starving. Trieste had no food for them, and they were herded together in the vast open spaces of the quays, waiting until the new government should be organized and means of transportation re-established, pouring in by thousands when they could be taken out only by hundreds, huddled together in the icy wind which was keeping back the ships that might have saved them, exchanging their blankets for pieces of bread through the iron railing, standing in the mud, sitting about pale camp-fires, binding up their bleeding feet in rags, many of them falling faint with illness and dying where they fell. Was it a new heaven and a new earth?

In the Trieste hotel, the *Savoia*—until November third the *Palace Excelsior*—life began to be very gay. One met all of the officers there, military commanders and naval commanders, the hero of this and the hero of that; the commander of the port who had just come in on the last aeroplane from Pola; the well-known aviator, escaped from Austria, who was off to Venice in a submarine; the broad-shouldered general who was military governor; the Colonel of the Arditi, who had been summoned to keep order among returning prisoners; the Colonel of sanitation who was organizing hospitals with great rapidity; the famous Rizzo with a rainbow of decorations on his breast. There were officers of the Italian army who were citizens of Trieste; there were loyal Italians from Trent who had been forced to lead regiments of the enemy (one of them wore a leather coat buttoned tight over his Austrian uniform); there were officers of the artillery who had come up through the promised land, and officers of the marine who had turned their ships to the need of the hour and were going backward and forward, over loosened mines, in the teeth of the Bora, bringing up supplies.

It was not long before women began to appear in the hotel and one afternoon there was a dance. I came upon the scene out of the cold, dark street, made colder by the sound of water beating against the quays. I had fought my way against the wind from the soup kitchen of the American Red Cross where all day long we had been giving out clothing to the prisoners. The bright gowns, the music, laughter, the uncorking of bottles, smoke in the air,

a confusion of voices—I was half-dazed for a moment until a smiling lieutenant whom I had known earlier on the Piave front offered me a seat with his group of companions and I found myself among fellow-workers in the prisoners' camp. The climax of the ball was a speech by a tall commander with grey about his temples, who paid graceful tribute to the sex and toasted the ladies of "*Trieste italiana*." A moment later, as the chatter rose again, two trim, good-looking youths came toward me, introduced themselves politely, explained that they knew I had clothing for prisoners—they, too, had been prisoners and had lost everything—could I give them a cape or an overcoat? A mist swam before my eyes. Were we celebrating a joyful victory?

I should like to tell you of all my encounters in that hotel. You, with your perennial interest in every human combination, would listen eagerly, I know, to every incident. After all, it is just such particles, bright and dark, that make up the kaleidoscope which is what one sees in the war zone.

One soon began to meet one's friends, only Italians at first, then English and Americans. The two boys who came up from Cavazuccherina with our rolling canteen, shipped from Venice in a Red Cross launch, gave us an evening of high adventure. They had followed close behind the advancing army and served hot coffee to the fighting men. Ah! yes, they had seen fighting! Let no one pretend that there had been slight resistance. They had fed starving babies whose mothers wept at the sight of milk, they had passed through the Austrian lines with a Red Cross flag on their camion, and that afternoon they had set up the canteen in the prisoners' camp. They were young heroes bursting with their tales of prowess.

Some forty young English officers appeared one day, most of them aviators. They had walked out of their prison camp at the first news of revolution in Vienna and come down through scenes of mad disorder. They had fared well in prison and their stories were more often grotesque than tragic.

I had a long talk in the *Savoia* with our friend, X—, the English historian. His eyes were deeper than ever with the joy of our triumph. When I had seen him last in the Middle West, he was crushed as we all were by the

news of Russia's first great defeat. "And how much better for the world," he said, "that we should win now with the help of America than that we should have won two years ago with the help of Russia!" "It seems like a dream," he murmured, "like a dream!"

A very different experience was my conversation with an Austrian sympathizer, a woman who was letting her mother starve in Venice and die of grief while she stayed by a rich Austrian aunt. I was almost sorry she was not there later in the evening when two women and several men were driven out of the hotel with cries of "*Fuori Tedeschi!*" Still another participant was a reformer from Fiume, a tall, lank man who was forever haranging a group of listeners, declaring "It was for *this*, and for *that*, and for nothing else that the Italian soldier offered up his life." Sometimes he drew fire and there were discussions, and once a pink-cheeked lieutenant answered: "Nonsense! Italy was at war and the Italian soldier only did his duty. The rest is nonsense." And there was the soft-voiced lady of Trieste who had concealed twenty escaped prisoners in her house and defended a hospital at the point of her bayonet.

Images of all these people floated before my eyes this morning as I thought of your hopeful letter, and with them images of how many kinds and qualities of men among the prisoners!—men of every type of manhood, from the dull earthen creature who clutched the shoes we gave him like some dumb animal to strong, nimble youths with the light and fire of genius in their faces; from priggish little officers who cuffed their men about and wanted everything for themselves to the one who, above all others, I shall remember as of the kinship of Saint Francis of Assisi, one who took every burden upon himself to save his men, one to whom the most menial task held no indignity. He had the eyes of a dreamer and the virtues of a saint. But for the most part it was a dreary morass of unkempt, suffering humanity into which every hope of a new era seemed to sink far out of reach.

My young friend, the Capitano, who stood beside me on the torpedo boat, drew me up sharply by one of his comments. I call him my friend advisedly, though I had never seen him before and did not know his name until we landed. However, I knew the basic principle of his

life, his religious and political theories, his valuation of science, his judgment of the nations, and his reverence for Italy. I knew that he was a physicist in the University of Bologna, that he had a magnificent appetite and a wholesome fear of alcohol. He had clear, straight eyes, a firm mouth, and a face that rippled all over when some idea pleased him. I knew much of his experience of life and his hopes for the future. The crossing lasted four hours and I spent much of that time in meditation. One makes friends with great rapidity in the war zone.

I was giving the Capitano an account of the King's entrance into Trieste, involving a contrast which had left a rather unpleasant impression upon my mind, as I had seen it from the high deck of an old Austrian-Lloyd steamer—the very one, perhaps, on which you and I sailed to Greece from this same harbor in that youthful wander-year of which you wrote. She was lying by the dock ready to put out for Venice when the destroyer, *L'Audace*, bearing the King, drew up on the other side of the narrow pier. I saw the King and his officers in their long grey-green capes; I saw the bridge decked in tricolour placed for the King's feet; I saw him descend and enter an automobile and pass through the lines of bersaglieri to the central square. I heard the salutes of the waiting crowd, the music of the bands, the cheers that greeted the speech of welcome and the King's reply. All this I saw and heard with the emotions of a life-long lover of Italy, of one in whom no event of modern history had aroused so passionate an interest as the Italian struggle for independence and who rejoiced that now in this twentieth century the *Risorgimento* is accomplished. I remember how Cavour had said that the complete liberation of Italy, as far as her natural boundaries, would be the work of the generation that should come after him, and I thought of Carducci's cry:

Rendi la patria, O Dio! Rendi l'Italia
agli italiana.

And yet as I looked at the visible realization of the dream, I could see just beyond, across on the neighboring dock, behind the King and his escort, a grey sea of starving men, those same pitiable prisoners. "I shall never forget," I said to the Capitano, "the background of that picture of triumph."

"I can understand," he answered. "But did you think how happy those men were at that sight? When they thought how good it is that their hardships have not been in vain? Be assured, Signora, those men were happy."

"But no!" I exclaimed, "they were hungry. You did not see them, as I did, dipping their hands into the boiling soup in their frantic haste."

"No, but even so,—remember the Italian is an idealist. Why, on that first day when the news came of the victory the people of Trieste forgot their meals all day long. Nobody thought of eating. The Italian is like that. I am quite sure those prisoners forgot all about their hunger, even if they were starving."

When I entered the harbour of Trieste a few days after the occupation, the city was hidden by a mist and the long line of lights along the shore glowed like stars. I looked from them to the silver stars—symbols of Italy at war—on the coats of the officers about me. I was in the midst of a group of Triestini serving in the Italian army who were going home, after the long silence, to their families. I wondered if to them, too, those lights seemed like the stars of Italy and symbols of redemption. Or were they thinking of their families. They were gathered in the bow straining their eyes to see. At least I knew that when they murmured, "*Finalmente! Finalmente!*" At last! At last!) they were not thinking of that rainy day on the most wretched craft that ever put to sea, of the eleven hours we took for a crossing I have since made in three, nor of their escape from the front. These north Italians are very quiet and self-contained in their emotions. They are like their king, of whom someone has said: "He is one with his soldiers, a pure Latin, simple, serene, intrepid." I am sure that if they were to behold (as I think they did) the new earth and the new heaven they would only smile, with a soft light in their eyes, and whisper, "*Finalmente.*"

I am glad to believe with the Capitano that the Italian is an idealist. And the war has taught Italy something about the idealism of America. "The enthusiasm of Italy for America," said our English friend, X—, "is one of the best results of the war. It gives me great hope for the future." Perhaps all men are idealists in their way. What one keeps on wondering is whether the war has brought us nearer to the realization of our ideals.

For this Victory, who, after halting for such a long, weary while came so suddenly at last, had brought diverse gifts on her swift wings. A Paris friend writes, in the midst of public rejoicings, "When I see the splendid regiments, horizon-blue, passing under my window, marching to music with the King of England at their head, I watch for the silhouette of some brave young officer who is like my little François, and I never fail to find him." He was her only child and he fell in the first engagement. Every mother sees her own son, living or dead, in every regiment. Perhaps they only did their duty. But we, for whom the sacrifice was made, what do we think of it? Now that the respite has come and we are no longer nerved to the event we must ask ourselves whether the one great gift of all is ours, the assurance that the Cause is won.

Here in Venice I watch the transformation of a city at war into a city at peace with feelings often at variance with the proper glow of triumphant pride. Venice is re-awakening. Instead of silent streets and darkened palaces, oppressed by a dull weight of sandbags, there are sounds of the hammer and the chisel in the air, lights shine from the windows, façades and porticoes lift themselves free, Saint Marks is bursting its wooden frame, coming forth to the light like some enchanted image created by magic from a block of stone. Instead of complete darkness, with no light but the sun and moon, the waters gleam and blaze with lights. Instead of torpedo boats lining the broader canals, going in and out with military precision, there is a varied movement of many ships, of whistling steamers, of tugs, sailboats, launches and barges. Two American cruisers are anchored in front of the Piazzetta (one stripe of their war paint would efface the palace of the Doges) and an English and a Japanese battleship are in the same Great Basin. When the *Birmingham* blows her siren people start for a moment, then sigh with relief, for it is not an air raid, and the night-watch on the housetops is a thing of the past. The shops are opening, the people are coming back, one sees well-groomed children on the way to school (not merely the little waifs of our Red Cross Asili). A dressmaking shop of pretensions has just opened on the corner opposite the Cinema where we used to crowd about the daily bulletin. When I go up the Grand Canal in the open launch piled high with children's clothes and boxes of

condensed milk, ladies peep at me out of the windows of their black-hooded gondolas. The angel on the peak of the Campanile no longer hides her wings in a covering of cloth. She shines in the sun like a golden Victory. But in Venice the symbol of victory is the Wingèd Lion who has stood on his column uncovered and undaunted throughout the war.

Venice is re-awakening, to the joy of everyone. Yet with all the gain there is, I feel, a certain loss; and those of us who have seen Venice girt for war have a possession which few imaginations—certainly no feeble ones—will ever win. I will not regret the loss of beauty; I will not dwell upon the Venice without electric lights and crowds and business, when the Piazza of Saint Mark was more than ever picturesque by day and mysterious by night, and the smaller squares were empty, and the canals were left to their winding ways and their colour and their shadows. I will not regret these things because in the general life, in a world safe for democracy, they may count for little—although surely the Venice of history teaches us the unerring power of beauty in the fashioning of nations. But something, since the armistice was declared, has gone out of the air of Venice. The tension has relaxed, since the first frenzy of rejoicing, and things seem somehow to have fallen apart. The sense of a high purpose, compelling to unity of action, has dropped upon a lower plane or is hidden beneath routine pursuits. Venice at war was the ancient city of gold refined of its dross. She was the Queen of the Adriatic armed and disciplined. Her sword was sharpened, her mind was alert, her temper was resolute, her will was unswerving. Only for a short time did she show anxiety, and that was not when the Austrian army was within eight miles of her and the incessant guns were growing louder. It was when, upon the first news that Germany was breaking, she feared that peace might be declared before Italy had freed her territory of the invader. Then faces were dark and spirits almost faltered. "To have our country given back to us by the Allies, across the peace table!" they exclaimed. "It would be worse than Caporetto. Far worse! Caporetto was our martyrdom. This would be our disgrace. Let us have no peace that we have not won." Then did waiting become difficult because then faith gave way to fear. But the first guns of the offensive restored the universal faith and now Venice is re-awakening with her conscience clear.

But the temper of the place, since the incursions of population have set in, is at once serious and less gay.

Below the surface the same body of workers, civil and military, who have carried the burden through all the changes, are working on as before with no other awakening than to a sense of graver problems, of added responsibilities, of more complex duties. And if in Venice, which has suffered little from devastation and robbery, I feel that the wings that would soar are weighted, how austere must be the joy of victory in the towns liberated from the invader! A soldier from the trenches whose wife and family were in the region of Udine, planted his feet firmly on our office floor and exclaimed: "They *must* be freed! I don't know when—perhaps next spring—but when the moment comes, we shall advance and set them free. Whether I die—that is nothing. *They* must be set free!" Now they are free, and they are robbed of all they possessed, stripped of their clothes, sick with memories and half-maddened with hunger. The more fortunate, who could fly before the invader, go back to find their ancestral trees cut down in wantonness and left where they lay, their ancestral furniture burned in the market place, their dining-halls turned into stables and their family portraits smashed into pieces. The dead waste of war, as inevitable as the ravages of the epidemic! The prospect darkens the vision.

When I confessed my misgivings to the Capitano, he refused to be depressed. He was thankful with his whole heart that the war was over and he believed it had advanced the world a great stride forward. Yet he nursed no illusions about the future. Universal peace, he thought, must depend upon uniform education and ideals and a fair adjustment of interests. He pointed to the menace of the Jugo-Slavs and to certain differences—I think he called them jealousies—among the larger nations. "But is there any nobler thing," he asked suddenly, with that rippling smile on his face, "is there any nobler thing than to defend one's country and drive back the aggressor and liberate one's brothers?"

It was the old-fashioned, time-worn doctrine, so scorned of intellectuals. Yet it rang true. And then by some happy chance the Capitano remembered what Mazzini once said about the right and wrong of war, and in the words of that great prophet of the League of Nations, cited

by this patriot of a younger generation, I found the cause of my discouragement and the justification of my faith.

"War," said Mazzini, "is a crime unless undertaken for the triumph of a great truth or for the ruin of a great lie."

Among all the complex reasons for the war, as one after another the nations have entered in, it has been more and more clear that we were engaged in the ruin of a great lie. But a lie in ruins is no very imposing or inspiring sight. A ruthless giant driven back leaves a double train of carnage. Autocracy overthrown spreads devastation and carries down the innocent with the guilty. The power of Christ does not conquer the forces of Thor without the crucifixion of the flesh.

The cold wind struck our faces as we turned in toward Venice, between San Niccolo of the Lido and Sant' Andrea. We passed some units of the submarine fleet sunning themselves in the lagoon and some weird old flat-boats, bearing large calibre guns, which I recognized as those I had seen on the Piave. An aeroplane flew overhead, perhaps carrying the mail to Trieste or Pola, perhaps only exercising its wings. We shall not again see whole squadrons of them flying away across the Adriatic and the line of balloons that marked the battle-front has disappeared. But there was Venice, beautiful as before the world's disaster. Her towers were of the color of flame and the quality of light. Snow-covered mountains stretched away into the blue beyond her, and the pale Euganean Hills dropped down from behind her Campaniles into the sea.

As we drew up at the Arsenal (that same Arsenal which Dante praised) I saw the American flag floating high on our battleship between the campaniles of San Giorgio and San Marco. The Red Cross launches have carried that flag in and out through the canals of Venice for many months, but it was as if I had not seen it for many years. My heart leaped to claim its promise. Every hope seemed about to be fulfilled. The League of Nations seemed an easy thing compared with what I saw there before my eyes under the sky. Perpetual peace seemed less than the things already accomplished. There was the palpable glory of Venice—and there was the new world come to the rescue of all that we value in the old.

GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER.

Venice, November, 1918

PORTRAIT OF LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

HER father thought himself a philosopher. His family agreed with him. So did his friend and contemporary, Emerson, and a few others. He was at any rate a philosopher in his complete inability to earn or to keep money. Her mother was by nature a noble and charming woman, by profession a household drudge. Louisa and her three sisters were born in odd corners between 1830 and 1840 and grew up in Concord and elsewhere. They knew a little, quite enough, about philosophy and a great deal about drudgery. Louisa determined in early youth to eschew philosophy and drudgery both, to be independent, and to earn an honest livelihood for herself and her family. She did it, wrote books that charmed and paid, and died worn out before she was old, but with a comfortable lapful of glory.

I do not mean to imply that the Alcott's poverty was sordid or pitiable. Innate dignity of character, sweetness and natural cheerfulness, kept it from being anything of the kind. If they had not money, they had high ideals, and high ideals afford a certain substitute for comfort, after they have thrust it out of doors. No doubt, also, the rugged discipline of privation fits souls better for the ups and downs of life, which, for most men and women, mean more hardship than comfort. At the same time, to understand Louisa Alcott, what she did and what she was, we must keep the bitterness of youthful poverty before us, the perpetual struggle to get clothes and food and other necessities, the burden of debts and charity, the fret and strain of nerves worn with anxiety and endeavor, the endless uncertainty about the future. "It was characteristic of this family that they never were conquered by their surroundings," says the biographer. This is true; yet such experiences fray the

edges of the soul, when they do not impair its substance. Louisa's soul was frayed. Poverty bit her like a north wind, spurred to effort, yet chilled and tortured just the same. "Little Lu began early to feel the family cares and peculiar trials," she says of her childhood. In her young-womanhood, when just beginning to see her way, she is hampered in the walks she likes because of "stockings with a profusion of toe, but no heel, and shoes with plenty of heel, but a paucity of toe." Later still, when the world ought to have been going well with her, her cry is: "If I think of my woes, I fall into a vortex of debts, dishpans, and despondency awful to see."

The nature of these troubles and the depth of them were especially evident to her, because she was born with a shrewd native wit and keen intelligence. Her education was somewhat erratic, furnished mainly by her father from his wide but heterogeneous store and with eccentric methods. Above all, she employed her brain for practical objects, loved mental system and tidiness. "I used to imagine my mind a room in confusion, and I was to put it in order; so I swept out useless thoughts and dusted foolish fancies away, and furnished it with good resolutions and began again. But cobwebs get in. I'm not a good house-keeper, and never get my room in nice order." And with the same practical tendency she analyzed all things about her and all men and women. Her father's various contacts brought many people to his door, and Louisa learned early to distinguish. "A curious jumble of fools and philosophers," she says calmly of one of his beloved clubs. Nor was she less ready to analyze herself, as portrayed in one of her stories. "Much describing of other people's passions and feelings set her to studying and speculating about her own—a morbid amusement, in which healthy young minds do not indulge."

What marked her character in all this was honesty, sincerity, straight-forward simplicity. Like Jo, in "Little Women," who follows her creatress so closely, Louisa, as a child, had more of the boy than of the girl about her, did not care for frills or flounces, did not care for dances or teas, liked fresh air and fresh thoughts and hearty quarrels and forgetful reconciliations. She would shake your hand and look in your eye and make you trust her. Jo's wild words were always getting her into scrapes. "Oh, my

tongue, my abominable tongue! Why can't I learn to keep it quiet?" So she sighed, and so Louisa had often sighed before her. But with the outspokenness went a splendid veracity and a loathing for what was false or mean or cowardly. "With all her imagination and romance, Miss Alcott was a tremendous destroyer of illusions," says Mrs. Cheney; "Oh, wicked L. M. A., who hates sham and loves a joke," says Miss Alcott herself.

The disposition to excessive analysis and great frankness in expressing the results of the same are not especially favorable to social popularity or success, and it does not appear that Louisa had these things or wished to have them. Here again Jo renders her creatress very faithfully. She was perfectly capable of having a jolly time in company; in fact, when she was in the mood and with those she liked, she could be full of fun and frolic, could lead everybody in wild laughter and joyous pranks and merriment. She could run into a party of strangers at the seashore and be gay with them. But usually she was shy with strangers, perhaps shyer with people she knew or half knew, had no patience with starched fashions or fine manners, liked quiet, old garments, old habits, and especially the society of her own soul. She complains that her sister "doesn't enjoy quiet corners as I do," and she complains further, through the mouth of Jo, that "it's easier to me to risk my life for a person than to be pleasant to him when I don't feel like it."

With this disposition we might expect her to have a small list of friends, but those very near and dear. I do not find it so. "She did not encourage many intimacies," says Mrs. Cheney. Though reasonably indifferent to the conventions, she would not have inclined to keep up any especially confidential relations with men. As for women, she wrote of her younger days, "Never liked girls, or knew many, except my sisters." If she did not make women friends in her youth, she was not likely to in age.

All her affection, all her personal devotion, seem to have been concentrated upon her family, and from childhood till death her relations with them were close and unbroken. How dearly she loved her sisters shines everywhere through the faithful family picture preserved in "Little Women"; and the peculiar tenderness Jo gave to Beth is but an exact reflection of what the real Elizabeth received from the real Louisa.

For her father, as for her sisters, she cherished a devoted attachment. No doubt in this, as in the other, there were human flaws. At times she implies a gentle wish that he might have done a little more for the comfort of his family, even if a little less for their eternal salvation. But this was momentary. Her usual attitude was one of tender and affectionate devotion, of entire and reverent appreciation of that pure and unworldly spirit. How admirable in its blending of elements is her picture of his return from one of his unprofitable wanderings: "His dress was neat and poor. He looked cold and thin as an icicle, but serene as God." To her he was God in a manner, and with reasonable discounts.

But with her mother there seem to have been no discounts whatever. The affection between them was perfect and holy and enduring. Her mother understood her, all her wild ways and lawless desires and weaknesses and untrimmed strength. It was to her mother that she turned in joy and trouble and in both she never failed to find the response she looked for. After her mother's death she writes: "I never wish her back, but a great warmth seems gone out of life, and there is no motive to go on now."

So we see that when Jo cried, in her enthusiastic fashion, "I do think that families are the most beautiful things in all the world!" it was a simple transcript from nature. Also, it is most decidedly to be observed that Louisa's regard for her family was by no means mere sentiment, but a matter of strenuous practical effort. Indeed, it is not certain that the conscientious sense of duty is not even more prominent in her domestic relations than affection itself. "Duty's faithful child," her father called her, and the faithfulness of her duty meant more to him and his than anything else in the world. I have dwelt already upon her poignant appreciation of the hardships and privations of her childhood. Though she bore these with reasonable patience, she early and constantly manifested a distinct determination to escape from them. "I wish I was rich, I was good, and we were all a happy family this day." Note even here that the wish is general and that she wants to save them all from trials as well as herself. Her own comfort and ease she was ready to sacrifice and did sacrifice.

Yet she did not relish sacrifice, or ugly things, or petty dependence. She was bound to get out of the rut she was

born in; how, she did not care, so long as she did nothing dishonest or unworthy. Debts, she certainly would not have debts, but comfort she would have and would pay for it. She would prove that "though an *Alcott* I *can* support myself." When she was but a child, she went out alone into the fields, and vowed with bitter energy: "I *will* do something by-and-by. Don't care what, teach, sew, act, write, anything to help the family; and I'll be rich and famous and happy before I die, see if I won't."

It would be of course quite false to imply that Miss Alcott was a wholly practical, even mercenary, person, who lived and wrote for money only, or that the rugged experiences of her youth had crushed out of her sensibility and grace and imagination and all the varied responses which are supposed to constitute the artistic temperament. She had abundance of wayward emotion, and, if she subdued it in one form, it escaped in another. "Experiences go deep with me," she said, and it was true. It does not appear that she had any especial taste for the arts. Painting she refers to occasionally with mild enthusiasm; music with little more. Nature appealed to her, of course, as it must have done to the child of Concord and the worshiper of Emerson. Still, the rendering of it in her writings, "Flower Stories," etc., and even in the best of her poems, "Thoreau's Flute," cannot be said to be profound. Her nature feeling is much more attractive in the brief touches of her Journal: "I had an early run in the woods before the dew was off the grass. The moss was like velvet, and as I ran under the arches of yellow and red leaves I sang for joy, my heart was so bright and the world so beautiful."

Her sensibility and quick emotion showed, however, far less in esthetic enjoyment than in the inner play and shifting movements of her own spirit. The sudden variety of nature she sees reflected in herself. "It was a mild, windy day, very like me in its fitful changes of sunshine and shade." She was a creature of moods and fancies, smiles and tears, hopes and discouragements, as we all are, but more than most of us. From her childhood she liked to wander, had roaming limbs and a roaming soul. She "wanted to see everything, do everything, and go everywhere." She loved movement, activity, boys' sports and boys' exercise: "I always thought I must have been a deer or a horse in some

former state, because it was such a joy to run." Then she got tired and got cross, and when she was young, said bitter things and repented them, and when she grew older, would have liked to say them, and repented that also. And the ill-temper shifted suddenly and madly to laughter, merry drollery, wild sallies, quips and teasing frolics, full well remembered by lovers of Jo. "The jocosity of my nature will gush out when it gets a chance," she says.

Sometimes the same wild spirit would rise higher into a state of eager exhilaration and excitement. She longed for change, adventure, even suffering. She put melodrama into her stories, she would have liked to put it into her life. When the future seems peculiarly uncertain, she writes: "It's a queer way to live, but dramatic, and I rather like it; for we never know what is to come next." And again follows the reaction and depression, as deep as the excitement was high and exhilarating, depression far more serious than mere superficial temper, seizing and shaking the root-fibers of the soul. Tears she does not often yield to, but when she weeps, she does it thoroughly: "As I seldom indulge in this moist misery, I like to enjoy it with all my might, when I do."

Her active conscience prompts her to resist, to bear up against real trial and the still worse monotony of every-daily care. There is an education for her in grief, she says, she must make the best of it and profit by it. There is a pleasure in drudgery, she says, if one can only find it. "A dull, heavy month, grubbing in the kitchen, sewing, cleaning house, and trying to like my duty." But she doesn't like it and it wears and the immortal spirit loses its lightness and its freshness and is almost ready to give up the fight: "So every day is a battle, and I'm so tired I don't want to live; only it's cowardly to die till you have done something." Even, on one dark day, all further struggle came to seem impossible and as she passed the running tide on her way to Boston, she almost made up her mind not to pass it. But she did, and her "fit of despair was soon over . . . and I went home resolved to take Fate by the throat and shake a living out of her." Afterwards the little experience served to make a story, as it has done for other writers and sufferers.

It will be asked how far matters of the heart entered into these depressions and despairs in Miss Alcott's case.

Directly, not very much. It is true that in the story just referred to she suggests love, or the lack of it, as the exciting cause for suicide. But there is no indication that, in her own case, any disappointed love, any ungratified longing, was added to the otherwise sufficient cares that weighed down her mercurial spirit. Though the story of Jo is so largely autobiographical, the marriage to Professor Bhaer, in itself not exceptionally romantic, is pure invention, and there is nothing else to show that Louisa's heart was ever seriously touched. She had at least one offer of marriage and considered accepting it, as another form of self-sacrifice for the benefit of her suffering family. From this she was happily dissuaded; and if other similar opportunities occurred, they are not mentioned.

She would even have us believe—and so would her biographer—that she took little interest in love matters and introduced them in her books for purposes of sale and popular success. "She always said that she got tired of everybody," says Mrs. Cheney, "and felt sure that she should of her husband, if she married." Miss Alcott herself expresses some interest in children of her own and a certain admiration for babies, but she has observed that few marriages are happy ones and she thinks that "liberty is a better husband than love to many of us."

This may be all very true. Nevertheless, it will hardly be denied that many of her stories reek with amorousness. Perhaps this was precisely because the subject did not naturally interest her, and, being anxious to deal with it enough to please the public and make money, she dealt with it too much. But the explanation seems rather far-fetched, and I am inclined to believe that she had all a woman's interest in lovers, whatever may have been her opinion of husbands. Indeed, in her vicarious love-making there is a curious, teasing insistence that suggests far more than a mere mercenary preoccupation; and in the serious novels, into which she put her best artistic effort, the almost feverish eroticism would seem to indicate, as with other unmarried writers, a constant presence of the woman in her extreme femininity, however obscure and unacknowledged.

As Miss Alcott had all the sensibility, the whims and shifts of mood, the eccentric possibilities, of the born artist, so she was by no means without the artist's instinct of ambition and desire for fame. From childhood she wanted to

do something that would make her great, distinguished, and a figure in the mouths and hearts of men. She envies the successes of great authors. When she reads "Jane Eyre," she writes: "I can't be a C. B., but I may do something yet." Her young friends tease her about being an authoress. She assures them that she will be, though she adds modestly to herself: "Will if I can, but something else may be better for me." Not only has she the theory of authorship, but all her emotions and desires and fancies naturally seek literary expression. When she was a child, she wrote verses for the pure delight of it, not great verses certainly, but they pleased and relieved her. When she stood at the other extreme of life, she wrote verses still. "Father and I cannot sleep, but he and I make verses as we did when Marmee died."

She viewed life from the artist's angle also, took it impersonally in its larger relations as well as in its immediate appeal to her. She notes early in her Journal that she began to see the strong contrasts and the fun and follies in every-day life. She always saw them and always had the strong impulse to turn them into literature. And her methods were not mechanical, did not savor of the shop or the workbench. In the interesting account of them which she jotted down in later years the marked flavor of inspiration and artistic instinct is apparent. She never had a study, she says, writes with any pen or paper that comes to hand, always has a head full of plots and a heart full of passions, works them over at odd moments and writes them down from memory, as fancy and convenience dictate. Quiet, she wants, and solitude, if possible, and a stimulating environment, or at least not a deadening one. "Very few stories written in Concord; no inspiration in that dull place. Go to Boston, hire a quiet room and shut myself in it."

If the creative impulse possesses her, it possesses her wholly. When she *can* work, she *can't* wait, she says. Sleep is of no consequence, food is of no consequence. She can't work slowly. The ideas boil and bubble and must find their vent. When she was writing her favorite, "Moods," there was no rest for her. She was tied to her desk day after day. Her family alternately praised and worried. Her mother administered tea and her father red apples. "All sorts of fun was going on; but I didn't care if the world returned to chaos, if I and my inkstand only 'lit' in the same place." Then, after the excitement of

labor, came the excitement of glory. Men and women, well known, in her world at any rate, crowded to praise and compliment. "I liked it, but think a small dose quite as much as is good for me; for after sitting in a corner and grubbing à la Cinderella, it rather turns one's head to be taken out and be treated like a princess all of a sudden."

Nor did she lack the discouragement and depression inseparable from all artistic effort. There were the endless external difficulties which every artist knows and none but artists much sympathize with: the frets, the home cares, always so much accentuated in the case of a woman, even when she is unmarried, the perpetual, the trivial, and more harassing because trivial, interruptions. Idle neighbors chat of idle doings; hours slip away; when at last the free hour and the quiet spot are found, weary nerves have no longer any inspiration left in them. Of one of her books that she loved she says, pathetically: "Not what it should be—too many interruptions. Should like to do one book in peace, and see if it wouldn't be good." On another occasion she gets ready for a fit of work. Then John Brown's daughters come to board, arrangements have to be made for them and their comfort provided for. Louisa cries out her sorrow on the fat rag-bag in the garret and sets to work at housekeeping. "I think disappointment must be good for me, I get so much of it; and the constant thumping Fate gives me may be a mellowing process; so I shall be a ripe and sweet old pippin before I die."

Yet the books get done somehow. Only, when they are done, the troubles seem just begun rather than ended. Publishers are refractory, such being their nature, like that of other human beings. Stories are accepted and all seems triumphant. But they do not come out; instead, are held back by long and quite needless delays, till it is evident that the world is criminally indifferent to works that are bound to be immortal. "All very aggravating to a young woman with one dollar, no bonnet, half a gown, and a discontented mind."

Perhaps worst of all, when you do achieve success and are read and admired, there comes the deadly doubt about the value of your own work; for, however much they may resent the fault-finding of others, authors who really count are their own severest critics; and of all the sorrows of the literary life none is keener than the feeling that what you

have done is far enough from what you would have liked to do. In this point, also, Miss Alcott was an author and she often indicates what she expressed freely in regard to some of her minor works. "They were not good, and though they sold the paper, I was heartily ashamed of them. . . . I'm glad of the lesson, and hope it will do me good."

So we may safely conclude that it was not only hard necessity that drove her to write, but that, if she had grown up in all comfort and with abundant means always at her command, she would still have felt the teasing impulses of the literary instinct, still bound herself to the staid drudgery of ink and paper and been slave to the high hopes and deep despairs which mean life—and death—to those who are born with the curious longing to create things beautiful.

As it was, however, there can be no doubt that the solid need of earning money was the chief and enduring spur of her literary effort. She was not essentially and first of all a preacher, as was Mrs. Stowe. Some may disagree about this, considering the extreme moralizing of many, not to say all, of her stories. The moralizing is evident and undeniable. She not only took pains to avoid what might be, in her opinion, distinctly injurious, though there are critics who hold that in this she was far from successful, but she rarely misses an opportunity for direct preaching. Indeed, in some of her inferior writings the preaching is so overdone that it surfeits even her most ardent admirers. She is determined to preach, will not be hindered from preaching, boys and girls must learn something good, if they are to linger with her. Yet the fury of the effort implies a touch of the artificial about it. Her preaching is an acquired habit and discipline, not an inherited, divine impulse, like Mrs. Stowe's. When you look carefully into Louisa's religion, you appreciate at once what I mean. It was a sturdy, working religion, solid, substantial, full of good deeds and kindness. Her own hard experience had made her eminently ready to help others. When she gets money, she gives it, and she gives sympathy always. "I like to help the class of 'silent poor' to which we belonged for so many years." But her own hard experience had been too closely connected with abstract religion and concrete philosophers for her to cherish much personal affection for abstract religion and philosophy. In her thoughtful child-

hood she did indeed touch God under the whisper of the great pines: "It seemed as if I *felt* God as I never did before, and I prayed in my heart that I might keep that happy sense of nearness all my life." But she was too honest to pay herself with words, and to her, as to so many of her contemporaries, religious hope remained simply a glimmering star to distract thought from dark gulfs that had no hope in them at all. "Life was always a puzzle to me, and gets more mysterious as I go on. I shall find it out by and by and see that it's all right, if I can only keep brave and patient to the end."

Meantime she must earn money. She set out with that motive in her youth and it abode with her till her death. Do not take this in any sordid sense. She was as far as possible from being a miser or a squanderer. She found no pleasure in the long accumulation of a fortune, none in the mad spending of it. But the terrible lack of dollars in her childhood had taught her their value. All her life she was in need of moderate ease herself and those she loved needed it far more. Therefore she must and she would and she did earn money. How she earned it was of less importance, and she was perfectly ready to try any of the few forms of earning then accessible to women. "Tried for teaching, sewing, or any honest work. Won't go home to sit idle while I have a head and pair of hands." She takes a place as governess and goes into ecstasy over her small wages: "Every one of those dollars cried aloud, 'What ho! Come hither, and be happy!'" She even goes out as a simple servant, with disastrous results as fully related by herself. Teaching comes into the list of course. But she was never successful at it, and when Fields, with all a publisher's hearty kindness, says to her: "Stick to your teaching; you can't write," she murmurs, under her breath: "I won't teach; and I can write, and I'll prove it."

For, of all the forms of drudgery for money, she found literature the most acceptable and agreeable. "I can't do much with my hands; so I will make a battering-ram of my head and make a way through this rough-and-tumble world." She did it, but do not imagine that the way was easy, that the dollars rolled into her lap, or that she could escape many hard knocks and staggering buffets. Late in her life a young man asked her if she would advise him to devote himself to authorship. "Not if you can do any-

thing else, even dig ditches," was the bitter answer. For years she found the upward road a piece of long and tedious traveling. Hours had to be snatched where possible, or impossible, necessary tasks had to be slighted, health had to be risked and wasted, all to write stories which she knew to be worthless but which she hoped would sell. They did sell after a fashion, brought her five dollars here, ten dollars there, enough to buy a pair of shoes or stop a gaping creditor's mouth for a moment. But what vast labor was expended for petty results or none, what vaster hopes were daily thrown down only to be built up again with inexhaustible endurance and energy.

Even when success came and the five dollars were transformed into fifty and five hundred, there was struggle still, perhaps more wearing than at first. Engagements had to be met and publishers satisfied, no matter how irksome the effort. "I wrote it with left hand in a sling, one foot up, head aching, and no voice," she says of one story. Though money was abundant, it was never abundant enough: "The family seem so panic-stricken and helpless when I break down, that I try to keep the mill going." To be sure, there was glory. When it began to come, she appreciated it keenly enough. "Success has gone to my head, and I wander a little. Twenty-seven years old, and very happy." It was pleasant to be widely praised and admired, pleasant to have compliments from great men and brilliant women, pleasantest of all, perhaps, to feel that children loved your books and cried over them and loved you. Yet she seems to have felt the annoyances of glory more than most authors and to have savored its sweets less. Perhaps this was because she was early worn out with over-work and over-anxiety. "When I had the youth, I had no money; now I have the money I have no time; and when I get the time, if I ever do, I shall have no health to enjoy life." Fame bothered her. She resented the intrusions of reporters, even the kindly curiosity of adoring readers. What right had they to pester a quiet woman earning her living with desperate effort in her own way? For the earning, after all, was the side that appealed to her, the earning with all it meant. "The cream of the joke is, that we made our own money ourselves, and no one gave us a blessed penny. That does soothe my rumbled soul so much that the glory is not worth thinking of."

Also, to be sure, she had always the feeling that she was not doing the best she could and that the money came most freely for the things she was not most proud of. In her early days she wrote and sold sensational stories of a rather cheap order. Certain features of these pleased her. She confesses quite frankly that she had "a taste for ghastliness" and that she was "fond of the night side of nature." But she longed to do something else, and she tried to—in "Moods" and "A Modern Mephistopheles"—perhaps not very well, at any rate not very successfully. Few get the glory they want, but there is probably a peculiar bitterness in getting the glory you don't want.

Then she hit on a line of work which, if not great or original, was sane and genuine. She put her own life, her own heart, into her books, and they were read with delight because her heart was like the hearts of all of us. As a child, she wanted to sell her hair to support her family. When she was older, she supported them by selling her flesh and blood, and theirs, but always with a fine and dignified reserve as well as a charming frankness. Every creative author builds his books out of his own experience. They would be worthless otherwise. But few have drawn upon the fund more extensively and constantly than Miss Alcott. And she was wise to do it, and when she ceased to do it, she failed. She could allege the great authority of Goethe for her practise: "Goethe puts his joys and sorrows into poems; I turn my adventures into bread and butter."

So she coined her soul to pad her purse and, incidentally, to give solace to many. The worshipers of art for art's sake may sneer at her, but she remains in excellent company. Scott, Dumas, Trollope, to name no others, collected cash, as well as glory, with broad and easy negligence. And the point is that, while doing so, they established themselves securely among the benefactors of mankind. The great thinkers, the great poets, the great statesmen, the great religious teachers sway us upward for our good. But they often lead us astray and they always harass us in the process. I do not know that they deserve much more of our gratitude than those who make our souls forget by telling charming stories.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

THE ADVENTURES OF A POETRY- READER

BY EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT

I

At the age of sixteen I used to attend daily with two admired and beloved friends of my own age a class in Greek poetry, a class surrounded for me with the golden light of an especial charm. Our studies were pursued in the rather dim, high-ceilinged back parlor of the Higher School for Girls in a brick house in a row, a house like a thousand other houses on an elm-lined street in Chicago.

From the carpet of the back parlor we used to step into a country never known before, never to be seen again by us in quite the same splendor. Misted as the ways were by our ignorance, it seemed all a wide lighted glory of Greek figures, of plunging hosts, of the sweep of the *poluphlois-boio thalasses*, of the twanging silver arrows of Apollo, the fall of the pestilence upon the camp—a world of superb beauty on shores undreamed.

It is this that one asks of a poet I think—at least it is this that I ask—that he take me to a world of his own. It makes no difference whether the world is little or large. It may be high-vaulted as Homer's, or as comfortably insular as that land in which it is so pleasant to know Mr. Lear who has written such volumes of stuff, or that confined, bizarre region inhabited by the gifted linguist who sings the inimitable lyrics about

I don't know anything more sweet
As sit him in some gay parterre
And snuff one up the perfume sweet
Of every roses buttoning there.

The character of the poet's imaginary country may be whatever anyone will. But one likes to have him follow

the Spanish proverb and after supper take a walk that is on his own ground. No one, or not many people, will care, either, about the poet's medium, or whether it is Debussy, or Manet, or Poe, or Maeterlinck who takes us to his own world. Or perhaps his world will have a clear correspondence to some actual portion of the globe, and yet be entirely his own, like the world of Burns, or James Whitcomb Riley, or Mistral, or Whitman.

II

It was not until many years after the Greek epic, the panorama of the Trojan war swam into our ken in Miss R.'s back-parlor that I read our own epic, the panorama of *Drum-Taps*, *Ashes of Soldiers*, *Marches Now the War Is Over*. Controversy over Whitman's metrical method and his right to express his ideas concerning sex have distracted comment unduly from one of his largest merits—his skill in an enormous free-hand drawing of the spirit of a people during a great social and military crisis. In this power Homer and Tolstoi are I think his only peers; and you need only compare on one side the handling of the *Iliad*, *War and Peace* and *Marches Now the War Is Over*, with the general outline of the romantic grace of the *Aeneid* on the other to see the difference between the poet whose interests are all personal, and so-to-speak, private, and the poet who can limn the portrait of a nation, and speak "the silent spirit of unconscious masses."

This interest—the mere excitement of Whitman's tale of our own fate as a democracy was when I first read him so strong as to obliterate everything else. It was like seeing something you had always known in a wonderful moving picture, something idealized in this case, but amazingly real and recognizable, something walking, swimming, flying, breathing, living, with a thousand movements, "so far and so far and on towards the end."

What he has to say is not only prophetic, enlightening, and above all for any citizen of the United States greatly to the point in the last four years, but it has another signal merit. The person privileged to engage in any service, however humble, for the country of *Democratic Vistas* and *Captain, My Captain*, can hardly find a page of either the poetry or the prose of Whitman which will not be as a mystic trumpet calling him on in his endeavors, consecrating

and dignifying his days as they rise from their fathomless deeps.

The treasure Whitman bestows upon us in this way is like some solid gift of three dimensions, utterly outside the customary argosies of letters. His tribute to his readers is comparable to the discoveries of scientists, of explorers or prophets or economists of genius. He might more fittingly be ranked with Bunyan or with Henry George than with his brother poets, with Coleridge or Keats. It is not that these brother poets fail to bring us argosies of very precious materials, but that they are of a totally different character, not possessed of any such social solidity, nor intended to supply us with the plain fare and daily moral sustenance of Whitman's freightage. The frankness, the delightful mixture of heroics and common-sense that Whitman provides are enough to carry you through anything. Even when the invisible future seems to be shadowed forth in the form of endless lengthy committee meetings, he enables you to greet the unseen with a cheer. Can you say this of any other poet?

On the wild shores of the jungle of democracy in which we all must travel, other poets as compared with Whitman seem to arrive bearing articles curious and delightful enough, but when seen beside the offerings of *Marches Now the War Is Over*, almost useless. It is as though they brought us hooded falcons and wreathed silver, and gowns of silk we should not lack nor gold to bind our hair—all splendid, but cumbersome for a journey through a jungle; and as though Whitman alone proffered rubber boots and mosquito netting serviceable through the trials of many a damp, clogging path and exasperating hour.

Thus in spite of the fact that the *Mystic Trumpeter* is far, far too inspiriting, and the *Answerer* far too eloquent in reassurances that do not really answer the questions of democracy, yet his pragmatic value as a poet has always been enormous. In my view it would have been simply impossible for us to get on without him.

Whitman had a wonderful idea of becoming the leader of future poets, or perhaps rather of having his poetry become the quarry of future poetry—all with the thought beautifully inevitable for him that these poets would be ardent disciples in the religion of democracy. Yet, it is perhaps superfluous to say that after walking on Whitman's

land with him, and after he has bestowed on you so much of the greatest value to you, you never see after you have journeyed out of his pages, a glimpse of country of the same character in any other book.

There is this immortal and mysterious beauty in the fate of genius. What the poet has desired to give most widely will still remain most remarkably his own. The thing he shared most deeply with everybody will be his own possession imperishably. Loved, cherished, delighted in along the ways of life, the beauty he has left us is now I think not simply to be echoed on another's pages, but to be lived—a finer and more natural fortune for a creator's heritage.

III

Everyone to his own adventures as a poetry reader—or shall I say as an American poetry reader? Yet, partly on account of the considerations I have mentioned, partly for other reasons, I was bewildered when a few years ago I heard Miss Amy Lowell voicing on a lecture platform the belief that the Imagists are the direct descendants of Poe and of Whitman.

As I have read the poetry and criticisms of the Imagists these have not only moved on paths remote from Whitman's dream of acting as splendid providers for the future of democracy: but the attribution of any such simple bourgeois usefulness and plain, advisory morality to their efforts as authors would be exceedingly antipathetic and annoying to them; as though their methods had been confused with those of Chatauqua lecturers.

Then, my own interest in reading Poe is so exceedingly different from my interest in reading Whitman, that I was as confused by hearing Miss Lowell invoke them inclusively, as I might have been if she had said the Imagists were the direct descendants of Emerson and George Ade.

For me the terms of Whitman's and of Poe's communications are as far apart as the poles, Whitman expressing his conceptions by a flood of light and of explication, and Poe evoking his ideas almost by concealment, by reticence. Whitman was an open air artist; and all his poetry that I have ever read is wind-blown and drenched with sunlight. But the least verse of Poe's holds one by the magic of a beauty almost antithetic to the power that makes "any ob-

ject beautiful that is completely irradiated with light." Whitman himself has well suggested that magic—

At its best, poetic lore is like what may be heard of conversation in the dusk, from speakers far or hid, of which we get only a few broken murmurs. What is not gathered is far more—perhaps the main thing.

There is an extremely kind, old-fashioned letter by a teacher of Poe's often included in prefaces of his poems, in which the writer says that "He had a sensitive and tender heart." Out of a great gentleness and sensitiveness one may readily believe all the wild growths of the land of Poe's exquisite lyrics arise.

When one comes back from that world of purple towers and lost islands, of ethereal dances and marble plinths and columns, of sorrow and pain, of horror and glory and deathless love, one is immersed in a sense of the noble lines, the delicate modelling of the mortal soul mysteriously hallowed by its unknown fate. The earth is filled with the music of an endless, unasking patience, still and spiritualized, that accepts grief as an inevitable destiny and breathes that acceptance as the natural breath of existence. Poe speaks of "Unthought-like thoughts that are the soul of thought": and it is these that seem to sing from the echoing depths of his harmonies, his melodies, to tell a thousand wild, unfinished tales of lonely places, the sea, and space, the spirit's cloudy home. The truth that wisdom knew that said the half of music is remembered grief confides in you in a hopeless consolation through all the most beautiful of Poe's lyrics.

Perhaps he is not for very young people; and I can remember the time when *For Annie* seemed to me ridiculous. But the over-tones of what may be heard of conversation in the dusk from speakers far or hid, are unheard melodies in many years too care-free perhaps, too cheerful to understand the reality of either pain or joy, of grief or happiness. Even after one has realized, too, how much of Poe's grief, how much of his nostalgia was a contemporary literary fashion, its power of gentleness, its dignity of inner romance in making you listen for the song of the secret bird in mortal fortune, remains original and unequalled.

IV

Some of my most interesting adventures as a poetry reader have been in reading criticism written by poets.

Whitman and Poe have each given us some of the most profound and stirring work of this kind that we possess. Each of these artists has left us, concerning his hopes and fears for poetry in the jungle of a democracy, a commentary abundantly suggestive, sincere and searching. The American writer who can read unmoved either Whitman's *Poetry To-Day in America* or Poe's preface to his collected poems, or *The Poetic Principle* must be made of some material strangely phlegmatic, curiously unconcerned with the whole human value of American letters.

But not only the American writer—not only the writer who has known what it means to try to say something of the poetry of his own truth,—but the reader of poetry who has never shared the hopes and fears of this attempt, will find in these prose passages of Whitman's and of Poe's about the aim of their work on earth, the quality I have mentioned, the power that transports you in their most beautiful verse also, to a new and engulfing sense of existence.

Who will say what that nameless quality may be? You cannot I believe define poetry nor predict it with enough truthfulness to count. Your best truthfulness on the subject will arise simply from a chronicle of your enjoyment in it: and the reason why out of many years' pleasure in reading poetry of many kinds I have chosen to describe my journeys in realms as far apart as those of Homer, of Poe and of Whitman, is because these poets different as they are each possess in a high degree one of the elements I have always found most transporting. This element is musical imagination.

Needless to say that in the *Iliad* it is not only the profound turbulency and delicately ebbing silver bubbles of the *poluphloisboio thalasses*, the tones of different words, that are untranslatable, but the intricate yet clearly-marked balance of the Greek particles and connectives, the peculiar harmonies of Greek sentence structure, the impassable gulfs of differing inflection with all their infinitely shimmering modulations.

All translation of poetry somewhat traduces. It eliminates a dimension which belongs to poetry in my view rather than to prose. So that "a good prose translation"—not by any means to be undervalued—bears somewhat the relation to the original poem in its own tongue that a black and white reproduction bears to an original paint-

ing, or the relation that a photograph of a statue bears to the original marble or bronze.

The dimension I have mentioned that belongs to verse rather than to prose is the power of motion measured and recurrent. A faculty of course in which the art of letters whether prose or verse and the art of music of all manners differ from the more static representation of painting and of sculpture is surely in their capacity for revealing to us the element of continuation, of development, of change in life. A picture, a statue has its own power of expressing an immortal moment, one clear-focussed aspect of creation, the presentation of a given point in time. This point may be indeed a moment of passage. But the art of letters, the art of music, have a freer power of narrating one aspect of a subject after another, the great power of expressing continuous creation, death and infinite change by a sequence of motions, by symphonic variation, and passing from point to point.

The terms in which prose and verse relate changing aspects and moods of life have of course very different advantages: and for me, verse, recognizably ordered sound, the unconscious expectation of recurrent rhythm carries the reader along by a sense of existence which prose cannot recreate in the same degree. Verse was surely the best way of telling us about the river-god's pursuit when Arethusa arose from her couch of snows in the Acroceraunian mountains. This is an obvious instance. But verse is the best way, too, of telling us the terrible, exquisite and gaudy tale of the gradual, gradual disappearance of the City in the Sea: and only verse I think could rouse higher and higher in the reader the whirl and sweep and thrilling crescendo of *The Song of the Banner at Daybreak*.

The musical imagination of Poe, his extraordinary understanding of the peculiar melodic capacities, the overtones of our English speech, his sense of the larger harmonies and architectonics of a poem—these are widely recognized, from the intimate, the deep-known heart of song in our simplest English words—

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than—

to the exquisite over-tones, the far-heard, mysterious bells of the narrative of—

And all my days are trances,
 And all my nightly dreams
 Are where thy dark eye glances,
 And where thy footstep gleams—
 In what ethereal dances,
 By what eternal streams.

Less widely appreciated is Whitman's musical gift as a splendid improviser of tone-poems, a leader of arias, choruses, alternating voices—the gray-brown bird, and the poet, in *When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloomed*. The bird bereft, the boy's soul and the surge of the sea in *A Word Out of the Sea*. A master of the changing motions, the long ocean-breaker rhythms of hendecasyllabics, and decasyllabics, the buoyancy of assonance, Whitman had a basic sympathy with the tonal resources of English that gives him an extraordinary sustained power in poetic composition.

The reason why I protest against having the Imagists regarded as the inheritors of Whitman and Poe is not only because these artists are not themselves exactly in a direct line of descent, not only because Whitman's view of the value of the poet's career and Poe's view of the value of the poet's art are diametrically opposed to the Imagists' apparent view, but because a leading distinction of Imagistic poetry seems to me to consist in its elimination of these very qualities in which Whitman and Poe are masters—in the power of evoking the sense of continuous motion by the melodic and tonal capacities of English, in musical imagination.

V

The excellence of Imagistic art on the other hand appears to me to lie largely in its faculty of static presentment, showing the subject in a fixed pose at a given instant of time. Not of course rhymed, the Latin and Greek verse which so often serves as the Imagists' model—and to whose world, rather than to any world of their own their poetry so often takes us—has yet its own musical atmosphere, forever different from the atmosphere in which English verse breathes, but clearly perceptible. But a leading distinction, a charm of the Imagist Anthologies for me is that their compositions all exist in some still, toneless æther, and without any musical atmosphere whatever.

I know a great claim has been made that Imagistic poetry is not unmusical, but simply written in a new verbal music,

which jangles out of tune and harsh for the ear accustomed to a different convention, as once Wagner sounded and Debussy.

But with all due respect to the claimants this parallel seems to me unjustified. The expression the Imagist collections have for the inner ear is not that of melodic unconvention, nor musical discovery whether sympathetic or dissonant, but the air and appeal of prose convention. The total effect, for me, the most novel and interesting effect of the style of the Imagist Antologies is that of a way of writing that asks you to consider it, not by listening at all to what it says, but only by looking at it.

In Imagist criticism the attempt to dispense with musical imagination in poetry is manifested in a stronger but rather different manner. Thus Mr. Ezra Pound says with disapproval in a critique on Swinburne that "he neglected the value of words as words, and was intent on their value as sound," as though the imagined sound of a word were no part of its actual value, nor a legitimate pre-occupation for a poet.

Indeed an idea is afloat somewhere in nearly all Imagist criticism that the perception of verbal music is a rather unworthy human manifestation, and that the poetry genuinely associated with thought, with culture and refinement is that conceived as though by and for the tone-deaf, or at least the hard of hearing.

This is a familiar American attitude typified for me by a lady who once observed in a conversational description of a person I had never met—"My dear, she can transpose to any key, they say. She can arrange music for any instrument in the symphony orchestra, and understands counterpoint, and all that. She is a musical girl. *Not intellectual, of course.* Though I *will* say she seems quite refined."

Mr. Pound's concessive liberalities to the art of Swinburne are much in this lady's manner. Thus he says that "We are grateful for his spirit of revolt, whatever our verbal fastidiousness," obviously using the last phrase to mean "however we may deprecate the unfortunate acuteness of his musical knowledge." He continues, too: "There is a lack of intellect in his work." I was puzzled by this remark at first. A lack of intellect in the work of the poet who could firmly comprehend and interpret by a hundred intricate and delicate modulations of English verse the

minds of Marlowe and Webster, the super-subtlety of Mary Queen of Scots, the satire of Aristophanes, the complicated, modern conception of the forward thought of the world that chords in the variations of the *Prelude*. But then I perceived that Mr. Pound used the word intellect almost exactly as my acquaintance had—not so much to denote mental activity of superior quality as to connote a commendable ignorance of music.

The term "Imagist" virtually includes in an unadmitted manner not only the verse written by Imagists but a great deal else—all their propaganda about poetry, may we not say all the politics of poetry indicated in such characteristic criticism as this. It is not against the craft of Imagists as verse-writers that one protests, neither against their praise, but against a way of poetry-reading inculcated by these politics, a way that precludes the adventure of novel understanding for the poetry-reader. For one cannot avoid the suspicion that though the authors' views are so different the cause of Miss Lowell's conception of the Imagists as direct descendants of Poe and Whitman and the cause of Mr. Pound's distress about Swinburne's poetry—its lack of intellect and its annoyance of his verbal fastidiousness—are at bottom the same.

All these remarks about the life-work of Swinburne, of Whitman and Poe seem to have nothing whatever to do with the aim of any of these masters, nor with the originality, the truth and beauty of their poetry. But they have a great deal to do with the acclaim of Imagists. Mr. Pound unconsciously seeks to exalt Imagism by refusing to admit expressive capacities of poetry outside that field of art. Miss Lowell, though more liberal to extraneous artists, seeks to exalt Imagists by claiming for them all the valuable territory in sight on the American poetical horizon and estates whose richest ore-veins of substance and style one cannot discover in the endowment of the alleged heirs.

To agree only to look, and not to listen, while you are reading Imagistic poetry is a courtesy you are glad to show to its peculiar art. But out of loyalty to Imagists, to read all poetry as though you were deaf, cannot seem an act either of scholarly, critical intelligence or of happy irresponsible adventure. Indeed nothing will deprive you of both these freedoms so completely as the custom of constantly referring the poetry of the race to the standards of some small group.

The habit of not listening to poetry while you are reading it, the habit of glancing back and forth from an artist's truth, to some standard of local measurement in your own mind, the habit of humming a tune of your own while someone else is telling you some new and delicate harmony of existence from a silent page—all these are excellent ways of extending one's ignorance, but certainly not one's knowledge of the poetry of the world: and we need it seems more than ever before the most candid, the clearest and most sympathetic knowledge we can obtain of the poetry of every country.

VI

Now that the world is being re-made, now that the world is being so rapidly internationalized, we are asking ourselves with an especial interest about the communicative power of poetry. It would not I think be hard to show that however universal the emotion it arouses the most expressive poetry we possess springs from a profound consciousness of the living genius, the actual sound of the language in which it is written. None but those who desire a dull globe of the *gleichsinnig* can desire a uniform vehicle for poetry. All those who believe in the essential rights of small nations, all those who believe in preserving in its wide-ranging, democratic variety, the truth and beauty the human race has learned on by-ways as well as on highways must feel I think the wish of treasuring as far as may be the free grace of national speech, the sense of the living word, in the art of poetry.

Since poets are the builders and makers of the world forever what will Internationalism then do for poetry? Will it make the Japanese try to write as Shakespeare wrote, or to compose in the manner of *Manhattan's Streets I Wandered, Pondering*? Will it make us try to emulate the literature of the Japanese? The better we understand them, the better they understand us, the more unlikely will it be I believe that Internationalism will do anything of this kind to poetry. A part of international imagination will surely consist just as in our intercourse with people whom we can live with and love in private life, not simply in an understanding of our points of likeness, but an appreciation of our points of difference. The globe would be a poorer place without mutual acknowledgements of qualities peerless and

unique in persons and in nations. If there is a fascination in knowing how much other people are like you, there is also an equally magnetic charm in knowing how different people are from yourself.

When one thinks in this light, of what American poetry has to offer, when one asks oneself what American poetry is, as seen against the background of the world, one believes that Internationalism will perhaps bring very little change in the best spirit of its production.

The most alluring, the most deeply-thought poetry, sung to intrigue, to relieve, to clarify to itself the life of its creator will be sung still for the same cause. That song of the secret bird will be heard above the tides of the ocean, and her notes be listened to by hearts that will hark for comfort, yes and pain, too, and the last truth they both may give to other seekers far-off and unknown; and it will sing its knowledge still when all our ways are dust and nothing left of them except that living word of the human soul immortally sounding from the page's silver silence.

This is as it has been and will always be. The song is to the singer and comes back most to him. In a mysterious universe we alone of all created things can speak and answer. We can speak and answer and the truth shall make us free.

In that free truth, greater and deeper, more intimate and close at home, too, more charged with satisfying fire, and more forcibly touched with the hard knowledge of cruelty and tears and the imminence of death, in that freer and juster truth that the newer life of the nations together may bring for us, each soul must be heard more attentively than ever before I think, for his own story: and in an understanding of that story we shall still find one of the most endeared and largest adventures of reading poetry.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT.

MARCH ADVENTURE

BY WINIFRED BRYHER

Light,
Very welcoming,
The trees bend forward
To meet Adventure,
Its mulberry blossoms lifted
To a March-blue sky.

A sharp rustle of wind
Slips the ivy
From its stem of wrinkled silver,
Slaps the ivy-veins
(Flat as a summer field
Of parched green-yellow)
Softly against the moss,
Harshly against the boughs.

Handfuls of green blossoms
Blow into mulberry,
Almost touch
The scilla-blue clouds.
The tree strains
In an air full of eagerness
Struggles, and is held.

Adventure
Presses the strong curves hollowed with cloud.
But the green and mulberry blossoms,
And the silver stem,
Dare not answer.

WINIFRED BRYHER.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE HIGHER LEARNING IN AMERICA. By Thorstein Veblen. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Veteran politicians, experienced men of affairs, to say nothing of other profound students of human nature (by no means to be placed in the same ethical class), such as tramps and charlatans, are wont to boast at odd moments that they "Know things that are not in any book"; and the complacency with which such pronouncements are for the most part received points to a somewhat general skepticism as to the competency of the book-taught mind to reveal essential truths.

The popular notion that books are not as a rule saturated with the kind of truth that is most immediately wanted is perhaps not altogether an error. Doubtless the condition complained of is not due in any degree to timidity on the part of those authoritative persons who know best, nor to any discreditable motive on the part of anyone. The fact remains, however, that one may become exceedingly well read in the authoritative and polite literature of the times without learning much about life, unless, to be sure, one has acquired somehow an ability to read between the lines. And it is, moreover, true, as the common sense of the majority of men attests, that little relief is to be had by turning to those books which are ostensibly most ingenuous and outspoken, since these books are too often the work of extremists, doctrinaires, or otherwise indifferently responsible writers.

The result is that persons—especially young persons—are prone to have recourse to fiction, and particularly to the newer fiction, as a means of satisfying a quite natural craving for that alleged "knowledge of life" which appears so difficult to get elsewhere, except indeed through a heart-to-heart talk with the "man who knows."

But so far as it touches upon institutions rather than upon the common frailties of mankind, the satire embodied in the newer fiction is but an unsatisfactory substitute for scientific analysis. It is a safe conjecture that the somewhat burlesque representations of college life contained, for example, in Earnest Poole's *The Harbor* and in Sinclair Lewis's *Trail of the Hawk*, have added not a little to the interest and popularity of the tales in question. The like is true of the exquisite and (from a literary point of view) far more legitimate characterization of a would-be college president in Henry Sydney Harrison's *Queed*. These things amuse us chiefly because of a suspicion that they represent, though in a one-sided manner, real conditions. We would not care to read this kind of criticism if we did not secretly

feel that our most cherished institutions, like Launcelot Gobbo's father, do, after all, "something smack, something grow to, have a kind of taste" of the qualities more or less playfully ascribed to them. And yet this kind of institutional satire is little more than a rather aimless telling of tales out of school. The thing is perhaps worth doing; but it seems reasonable to hope that, if there is anything in it, it may be done in some better way.

To compare in point of interest such fictional criticism of college life with a perfectly serious passage from Thorstein Veblen's recently published book upon the higher learning in America, may be worth while. "It is toward the outside, in the face of the laity out of doors," writes Mr. Veblen, "that the high fence—the eight-fold fence—of scholarly pretension is to be kept up. Hence the indicated means of its up-keep are such as will presumably hold the (transient) respect and affection of this laity—quasi-scholarly homiletical discourse, frequent, voluminous, edifying and optimistic; ritualistic solemnities, diverting and vacant; spectacular affectations of (counterfeit) scholastic usage in the way of droll vestments, bizarre and archaic; parade of (make-believe) gentility; encouragement and (surreptitious) subvention of athletic contests; promulgation of (presumably) ingenuous statistics touching the volume and character of the work done." Elsewhere Mr. Veblen, after scrupulously careful deliberation, describes the typical university executive as "in some sort an itinerant dispensary of salutary verbiage."

These quotations, though necessarily somewhat misleading when removed from their context, may serve to show that in raciness and vigor of expression, as in apparent candor, Mr. Veblen is far superior to the run of fictional satirists. As a matter of fact, his dry and precise style makes all ordinary irony seem by comparison clumsy and ineffectual, while his magnificent phlegm reduces most criticism of the kind called "bold" or "indiscreet" to the relative condition of tentative or peevish fault-finding. Unintentionally, no doubt, Mr. Veblen approaches more nearly the manner of Jonathan Swift than does any other contemporary writer. He might, indeed, be not inaccurately described as a modern, scientific Swift, dispassionate instead of bitter.

So much for the manner, but what of the substance? "*Communia maledicta*," as Bacon says, "is nothing much"; and the saying holds true no less for simple vituperation aimed at institutions or types than for that which is directed at individuals.

Of the justice of Mr. Veblen's arraignment of the universities, every reader must, of course, judge for himself. The reviewer feels warranted in saying this: that *The Higher Learning in America* bears all the marks of being one of those rare books which contain such truth as seldom finds its way into print—truth such as results from genuine experience intrepidly thought out, truth such as in the nature of the case *cannot* by the generality of writers be expressed with sufficient candor and at the same time with sufficient philosophy to make it either safe or acceptable. Here is the *whole* case against the universities, including some of the colloquial expressions (verging, it must be confessed, upon scurrillity) of a suppressed body of opinion; the whole case set forth with so comprehensive a grasp, with so im-

partial an eye to the working of cause and effect, that in the end no one is judged, no one need feel offended, no one has anything to quarrel with except facts (said to be capable of documentary proof when not notoriously true) and a perfectly impersonal, logically constructed conception of the relation of the universities to modern civilization in America.

Other books of Mr. Veblen's have been from time to time noticed in these pages. The fault found with these treatises (when any fault could be found) was simply that the author presented the "drift of events" as a fatally determined chain of causation, without any acknowledgment of purpose on his own part or any admission that the fatal chain might be in any way modified by a grasp of the ideas he was himself engaged in setting forth; the truth being that though events be fatally determined, our conscious thoughts are links in the chain, and, being such links, are at the same time our purposes; so that to deny purpose is to give up the possibility of thinking intelligibly (in the last analysis), and to encourage that false fatalism which resolves *not* to think.

Whether this criticism be just or not, it has no special application to the work under consideration. In this book, Mr. Veblen simply points out the obvious fact that the higher learning is the very core of our civilization. "For good or ill, civilized men have come to hold that this matter-of-fact knowledge of things is the only end in life that indubitably justifies itself. So that nothing more irretrievably shameful would overtake modern civilization than the miscarriage of this modern learning, which is the most valued spiritual asset of civilized mankind." He then proceeds to show what the fate of the higher learning in the hands of the universities is likely to be. The reader may draw his own conclusions, purposeful or not.

As an illustration of the lucidity of thought to which so impersonal a view may lead, one may cite the author's conclusion in regard to the long continued and fruitless controversy that has been carried on, under pressure of business influences, about the practical value of higher—i.e., of university, not college—education. "Pushed by this popular prejudice, and themselves drifting under compulsion of the same prevalent bias, even the seasoned scholars and scientists—Matthew Arnold's 'Remnant'—have taken to heart this question of the use of the higher learning in the pursuit of gain. Of course, it has no such use, and the many shrewdly designed solutions of the conundrum have necessarily run out in a string of sophistical dialectics. The place of disinterested knowledge in modern civilization is neither that of means to private gain, nor that of an intermediate step in 'the roundabout process of the production of goods.'"

The case is really as simple as that of the Emperor's Clothes. To be sure, a child could see that the emperor had no clothes, though older people remained under the illusion of habitual pretense. To see that the higher education has really no "practical" value requires something more than a child's intuition. It requires, nowadays, a superior talent for straight thinking.

Others have pointed out the preposterous mixture of idealism and worship of business success which is characteristic of modern civilization everywhere and especially in America. No one has

brought the essential idea so effectively to bear upon any concrete problem as has Mr. Veblen upon the problem of the higher education. It is the intrusion of business ideals and business methods upon the true and professed interests of the university everywhere—in the governing boards, in the academic administration, in the work of the executive and of the teachers—that is doing the mischief. And this intrusion is so natural a result of the whole social system under which we live that it seems unavoidable.

Mr. Veblen is dispassionate, but his thought has a heat much more powerful to melt away obstacles than those more or less factitious bursts of indignation that are often supposed to accomplish this result. His book, unhopeful as it is in tone and intent, will certainly not be without an ultimate effect in bringing about a different state of affairs—which may or may not, according to Mr. Veblen's philosophy, be an improvement.

ARCHITECTURE AND DEMOCRACY. By Claude Bragdon. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

The ancient faith that the "book of power" is ultimately of more value than any precise, provisional formulation of certified knowledge, or any formally correct application of accepted logic to generally approved ends, holds its ground in spite of the deserved disrepute into which mere emotional appeals, edifying discourses, or random suggestions of mystery have nowadays generally fallen. Modern literary opinion strives (somewhat half-heartedly, it is true) to eliminate the psychopath and the charlatan, while it clings with a certain integrity of mind to the doctrine that a book of genius is in all cases of more value than it can immediately be proved to possess.

Men used to say that books of power were inspired; we now prefer to say, with much the same intent, that they are sincere and original. Just what we mean by "originality" is rather less easy for us to say than it was for our forefathers to tell what they meant by "inspiration." A rough working definition of original thought would perhaps be: Original thought is thought in which *all* the forces of a man's nature work in a harmonious and unimpeded manner toward the accomplishment of an end not clearly foreseen. This is in general accord with Professor Ladd's illuminating dictum, "Thinking is a matter of the whole man;" while at the same time it may serve to distinguish the prized quality of originality from the humdrum labor of research and from the mere enthusiasm of camouflaged propagandism.

It naturally follows that the book of power is sometimes a curiously uneven fusion of various elements, among which gold and clay may frequently be distinguished in strange juxtaposition. And so there is no inherent contradiction in saying that while Claude Bragdon's book, *Architecture and Democracy*, is one of the best, one of the most potent, books, on architecture or anything else, that have recently come to light, it is also a somewhat puzzling mixture of intuitive truth, doubtful speculation, and obvious sentiment. The like is true of Rousseau's *Emile*!

The distinction between "arranged" and "organic" architecture is not, indeed, by any means new, nor is the idea that architecture is a

true reflection of national life a discovery. Mr. Bragdon, however, perceives these things not as mere abstract canons of art—and what art is worse than that which deliberately and in cold blood *seeks* to be national or racial?—but as vital, active principles. What is better, he is able to give us more than a glimpse of the way in which these principles work and are even now working. The spirit of democracy and of brotherhood are certainly capable of bringing to pass a transformation, in art as well as in life, from ugliness to forms of beauty strangely new and yet thoroughly congenial. “The architecture of the United States, from the period of the Civil War up to the beginning of the present crisis, everywhere reflects a struggle to be free of a vicious and depraved form of feudalism, grown strong under the very aegis of democracy. The qualities that made feudalism endeared and enduring; qualities written in beauty on the cathedral cities of medieval Europe—faith, worship, loyalty, magnanimity—were either vanished or banished from this pseudo-democratic, aridly scientific feudalism, leaving an inheritance of strife and tyranny—a strife grown mean, a tyranny grown prudent, but full of sinister power the weight of which we have by no means ceased to feel.” Yet so simple a structure as the Red Cross Community Club House, built during the war at Camp Sherman, Ohio, seems, as Mr. Bragdon describes it, to reflect no little of “the light that never was on sea or land.” Similarly, “the most modern note yet sounded in business, in diplomacy, in social life, is expressed in the phrase, ‘Live openly.’” And by the operation of a spiritual law, the new spirit is gradually working toward expression in a new architectural comeliness.

All this strain of thought in Mr. Bragdon’s book is eminently sane and vitalizing. The basic thought, as true as it is commonplace, is that no noble constructive work in any field can be carried on without faith. The completed work will reflect the nature of the faith. Unless it possesses, however, the element of insight or intuition or rightness, or approximate accordance with the will of God, the work will have no beauty whatever, but at most a kind of strange fascination—which is one of the things that men habitually confuse with beauty.

This faith or intuition may be fairly called mystic; it has relation to a mystery—for when all is said, scientific ethics cannot tell me why I ought not to cheat my neighbor in a business transaction, or why I ought not to erect a building that speaks architectural deceit and theft in every line—if I so desire.

The mystery has to be reckoned with; it is best to realize it consciously; a joyous submission to its workings is no doubt the best condition for successful endeavor. But when men have attempted to describe the mystery thus joyously relied upon, they have not infrequently gone astray. To try to draw inferences from the supposed nature of the cosmic spirit is seldom quite safe. And so it happens that the second part of Mr. Bragdon’s book is rather more curious than inspiring.

Mr. Bragdon is quite properly interested in the fourth dimension—a fascinating subject. But just here his artist’s nature appears to come in with the demand that everything, including the fourth dimension, shall be harmonized with his artistic aims and theories. The

desire for such harmony is doubtless the work of intuition; and so far forth it is genuine and to be respected—it has nothing whatever in common, needless to say, with any kind of faddism. But while a man's intuition, if he consciously heeds it, may tell him to build a house expressive of brotherhood (if he have brotherhood in him) rather than a monument of greed—just as it tells the bee to build his cells—one of the things that intuition absolutely cannot assure him of is that *number*—that is, mathematics—is not only the symbol of order in the universe, “but the very thing itself.” One cannot learn this through intuition, nor, apparently, can one learn it by any other means. In fact, the drift of philosophic thinking on this point would seem to be that if there is any form of thought that is used simply and purely for the purpose of controlling bits of experience in a possibly pluralistic and inchoate universe, that form of thought is mathematics. Than number, then, there is nothing that will bear with a worse grace to be hypostatized.

This suggests some doubt as to the philosophic basis of a system of decoration based upon projections of fourth dimensional solids. One is willing, however, to abide by the pragmatic test. The patterns that Mr. Bragdon develops by his fourth-dimensional method are unquestionably fascinating; yet to the perception of the layman there is in them something unconscionably weird. They do, indeed, powerfully suggest the complexity of the modern mind. There is in them, one would say, something subtly congenial to the mental state of a man who, let us say, follows a prosaic business, believes in spirits, thinks that there is perhaps something in socialism, would like to live on a farm, does not know what to do about his son who is not making good in college, and at the age of sixty dances the one-step. But do we want symbols of perplexity? To the men of the past—and perhaps they were wise—the simplest symbols of the Great Mystery have seemed, on the whole, to be the best. And the question arises whether we had better not make a little more sure of what the fourth dimension humanly means before we begin to use projections from hyperspace as symbols for our communal, not to speak of our cosmic, life. All of which should not, of course, prevent us from using anything that proves humanly good, whether it comes from hyperspace or from anywhere else.

From speculation Mr. Bragdon descends to rather facile sentiment and to somewhat obvious symbolism. Must the artist, one asks after reading the chapter on “symbols and sacraments,” really give himself up to the “pathetic fallacy”? Must he revel in the easy parable of the brook running to the sea and other like “parables from nature”? Must he think about gold and silver like a medieval alchemist? All these and similar sentiments and fancies suggest something very different from the robust and practical mysticism of Mr. Bragdon's first essay.

Despite weakness, however, Mr. Bragdon's collection of essays is a book of power, not in parts only, but from cover to cover. Its very artistic unity makes it so; and perhaps a certain artistic unity in our works and beliefs is the very best we can, any of us, achieve. What we all secretly desire, at any rate, is the most perfect possible adjustment of our whole personalities to the laws of the universe at large

and to the circumstances of our mundane life. Any collection of sane, acute, and suggestive ideas tending to show the feasibility of this quest, and to prove the joy of even partial success in it, adds to the fulness of life.

INDUSTRY AND HUMANITY. By W. L. Mackenzie King. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

What is first of all needed for the determination of industrial policy is a clear, controlling idea of the whole problem. We must have an essentially correct concept stated in simple, general terms such as will conform to and suggest both the practical and the moral factors.

Such a concept is supplied by Dr. King. Following Pasteur, the author distinguishes in human affairs, as within the human body, two conflicting laws or tendencies—the Law of Peace and Work and Health, and the Law of Blood and Death. According to this view, “all that begets strife and hatred in human relations” is of the nature of “disorder and ferment, akin to that evidenced by disease.”

This idea is as profound as it is simple, as hopeful as it is sane and evolutionary. Remove the *obstacles* to right action, and you will obtain inevitably *right action*. True, you cannot remove the obstacles all at once. Some of them are natural: they are merely limitations incident to an early stage of growth. But many of them are unnatural; they are curable diseases—the symptom of which is not simply that *crudity* of life which we see among savages and animals, but misery, with its accompaniments of bitterness, humiliation, weariness of life, which we rightly associate with civilization rather than with a “state of nature.” Conceive of humanity as an organism, and try to insure its healthy growth, with full faith in the reality of the organism and in its tendency to health.

All the more significance should be attached to this way of thinking because it is set forth on the authority of one who is not only a deep thinker but a practical statesman. For ten years, Dr. King was associated with the Department of Labor of the Government of Canada, first as Deputy Minister of the Department, and subsequently as Minister. During that time he was called upon to act as mediator in over forty strikes important enough to warrant intervention. The industries concerned embraced agencies of transportation and communication such as railroads, ocean transport, street railways, the telegraph and telephone; coal and metalliferous mining; and manufacturing establishments of various kinds. Dr. King was brought into close touch with a much larger number of controversies, and since the severance of his official connection with the Government he has continued to see much of important industrial disputes from the inside.

Considering these facts, too much emphasis cannot be given to the following deliberate and measured statement by Dr. King of his mature opinion:

... “I believe I can say that, without exception, every dispute and controversy of which I have had any intimate knowledge has owed its origin, and the difficulties pertaining to its settlement, not so much to the economic questions involved as to [a] ‘certain blindness in human beings’ to matters of real significance to other lives, and an unwilling-

ness to approach an issue with an attempt at appreciation of the fundamental sameness of feelings and aspirations in all human beings."

What are the causes of this "certain blindness," which William James so lucidly analyzed? Fundamentally, as all thought is prompted by more or less hidden motives and goes on subject to more or less obscure limitations, one cannot reach logically every deep-seated cause of mistaken hostility. But there are certain external causes—certain wrong ideas—that can be thus reached and disproved.

One of these is the idea that workers, like the materials they work with and the tools they use, are simply means to an end. Means to an end they certainly are, as are all of us, but they are also, because human beings, ends in themselves. It is somehow difficult to keep in mind the conviction that they are *both*, and so to avoid the opposite extremes of sentimental socialism and selfish *laissez faire*. But modern life requires us to master knowledge of at least two dimensions.

Another wrong conception—which in one field, at least, has exploded in blood and smoke—is the false interpretation of the so-called law of "the survival of the fittest." Natural selection, of itself, is not sufficient to explain evolution—so the most advanced evolutionists agree. Still less can this law be recognized as excluding human intelligence from selection in human affairs, since our problem as conscious beings is just to select what is fittest *and to make it survive*. And in nothing is the choice more momentous than in the case of conflicting standards of living. The lower standard, through a kind of Gresham's Law, does tend to oust the higher; yet "through co-operative effort based on choice, higher standards may be made to prevail over inferior ones."

The real difficulty, however, is not so much to remove general misconceptions as to adjust industrial relations in such a manner as to minimize both the mental blindness which gives birth to fear and distrust and the fear and distrust which tend, in turn, to increase mental blindness.

In order to see how this may be done, we must have a clear analysis of the relations themselves.

Dr. King distinguishes four parties to industry—Labor, Capital, Management, and the Community. He designates the agencies of progress as Discovery and Invention, Government, Education, and Opinion. He defines the aim of his investigation as the discovery of right principles respecting Peace, Work, and Health.

Unfortunately, just at this point the exposition becomes, owing to cross-classification, a trifle tangled. What is referred to under Health would seem to belong quite as much to Peace, and what is said concerning Education and Opinion is so comprehensive that it might almost serve as an epitome of all. The whole treatise is, indeed, somewhat labored, somewhat disproportioned, somewhat heavily abstract. But these defects should blind no one to the profundity and fundamental clearness of Dr. King's ideas. The author is simply encumbered by the weight and the copiousness of his own thoughts—and, indeed, perfect ease and shapeliness are too often merely the virtues of those writers who handle with great facility the thoughts of others!

One of the leading principles underlying Work is this: "With a larger product, there is the possibility of increased returns, *not to one*

factor at the expense of others, but to all at the expense of none." Once this is thoroughly comprehended, a further misconception is cleared away, and the road seems logically open to adjustment with the aim of securing the utmost efficiency with the greatest prosperity for all.

Of very great interest is the author's discussion of the various means of adjustment that have been tried; for in this, one perceives the working of a principle. Compulsory Arbitration, though logical, does not work well in practice. Voluntary arbitration is but slightly better. Mediation and conciliation are decidedly better, but not always workable. Compulsory investigation has worked on the whole better than any other expedient. "The number of disputes which have been amicably adjusted under the Canadian Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, without loss of a dollar to Capital, a day's wage to Labor, or a moment's inconvenience to the public, is so considerable as to constitute the vast majority of the cases which have been referred under its provisions."

Profit-sharing, on the other hand—and here the author agrees with those who have studied the matter carefully from the point of view of management—is of very limited use; the reason being that it is in practice not so much an application of principle as a mere palliative or device. Labor's suspicion of profit-sharing, the author acknowledges, is more or less well founded.

That method is best, in short, which goes farthest in destroying suspicion, in invoking public opinion, and in conserving independence.

And so the best method of all would seem to be Industrial Representation—democracy in industry.

This is the practical idea which looms largest in Dr. King's book, and which is indeed the logical outcome of his discussion.

Already a beginning has been made toward securing industrial democracy. The Rockefeller Industrial Plan, the recommendations of the Whitley Committee in England, are both based upon this principle. If Dr. King had done no more than to explain adequately these two plans, and to set them in their true light, drawing out the profoundly interesting parallel between the progress they mark and the development of political freedom in English history, his book would still be of immense value.

He has done all this and more. He has written what is perhaps the most truly philosophical, and hence the most practical, of books concerning the industrial problem.

THE LETTERS OF ANNE GILCHRIST AND WALT WHITMAN. Edited by Thomas B. Harned. Garden City.: Doubleday, Page & Company.

Only a sentimental schoolgirl could fall in love with Keats, with Shelley, with Tennyson, merely through reading his poems. The personality of the poet is in his works, but in an etherealized form: he makes us think of beauty, not of his personality.

Whitman's personality is in his work in a different sense. The whole man is there—virile personality, warm affection, democratic bluster, along with the great thought. And so Anne Gilchrist did not need to meet Whitman face to face in order to fall in love with him.

There are those of us who prefer a more etherealized form of expression, who are troubled by Whitman's insistent humanity, his personal intrusions, his emphasis upon his own faults, which make criticism of his poetry, for all its elemental quality, so much a matter of liking or disliking *him*.

But it is an extraordinary testimony to the strength of this same personal quality in Whitman, and to its intimate union with what is most uplifting in his thought, that a highly cultivated and sensible woman, far removed by maturity and by character from the follies of youth, fell passionately and devotedly in love with him just through reading *Leaves of Grass*.

From Annie Gilchrist's letters one will gather no new appreciation of Whitman—though Anne was a brilliant critic. The letters are sheer love letters. All that they show of Whitman is his personal power. The letters are simply a reflection of him; even the conception of love in them is thoroughly Whitmanesque.

Nevertheless, Walt Whitman was to Anne Gilchrist something more than an object of deep affection, as he was also something more than a moral and intellectual liberator. The relation between these two, though on Whitman's side one of simple friendship, was more beautiful and more vital than are many of the loves that are consummated in this world. Whitman drew out from the woman who loved him all that was most wholesome, natural, generous, and joined it to an exalted view of life. Certainly, he gave her much.

She gave to him a warmly human, spiritual love, and to the world a rare example of that utter faithfulness, that pure unselfishness, that happiness in renunciation, which proves the strength, the vitality, the glowing joy, the deep satisfaction, that may be in the mental part of love, and the continuity of this with the instinctive part. Anne Gilchrist was no ascetic, denying her woman's nature, no sentimentalist worshipping an idealized image of a man; and yet love of the ideal was the very life-blood of her passion.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FROM A SOLDIER'S FATHER

SIR,—*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*

You may be interested in hearing of how some of our young men were treated who believed the above sentiment and freely offered their lives for their country on the battlefields of France in 1918. My youngest son was a student at Yale College when the war broke out in 1914. In 1915, with 700 other fellow-students, he enlisted in the Yale Battalion. In 1916 they were sworn into the U. S. Army as privates and sent to camp at Tobyhanna, Pa., where they made four batteries of the 10th Field Artillery, under command of Colonel Danford. In September, 1916, they were mustered out and returned to Yale, where their artillery instruction was continued during the winter of 1916-17, under Colonel Danford, Captain Moretti and Captain Potter. Captain Potter was detailed to teach them to ride. They were put through the same riding drill as the West Point cadets. In the spring of 1917 they were ready to go to the School of Fire at Fort Sill, Okla., and Colonel Danford strongly urged and expected that they be sent there for three months' training, when they would be ready for their commissions as artillery officers, which we so sorely needed at this time. Instead of doing this they were ordered by the Secretary of War to apply for admission to the training camp nearest to their homes. Even then each man had to get three letters of recommendation before he was allowed to enter these camps.

When I heard of this I telegraphed to the Secretary of War asking whether it was still too late to change this order, as three months at the Fort Sill School of Fire would fit these 700 men for artillery commissions. In ten days I had a telegram from the Adjutant General of the army, saying the Secretary of War had turned my telegram over to him for answer—that while the Yale Battalion was a fine body of men and would no doubt make fine soldiers, it would not do to have a corps d'élite in the army. Of course, this was an evasive answer, as they would not have been a corps after getting their commissions any more than a class of West Point is a corps after graduation. However, my son was sent to the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Niagara in May, 1917; received his commission as 2d Lieutenant, Field Artillery, U. S. R., on August 14, 1917, and was one of ten out of his battery sent directly to France, where he was ordered to Battery F, 7th U. S. Field Artillery, 1st Division of the A. E. F.

This division was on the Lorraine front until April, 1918, when

they were ordered to the front between Cantigny and Amiens. In May they took Cantigny and held it against numerous counter-attacks by the Boche. They made many raids in this sector and saw real fighting. In one of these raids my son carried a wounded man out of No Man's Land under fire and was recommended for a citation. In July they were ordered to rest billets, having been under intensive fire for three months, but before reaching them were turned to the line south of Soissons to take part in the big drive which started on July 17 and was the beginning of the defeat of the Germans. My boy had many hair-breadth escapes in these battles, was gassed, but not wounded. He filled every battery position. When the division was relieved he had not had his uniform nor his boots off for a month, and weighed only 130 pounds. His weight is 170 now. When his division was ordered to St. Mihiel he and other Yale Reserve officers were ordered back, some to teach at the artillery school at Saumur. He was ordered to the classification camp at St. Aignan, where he was when the armistice was signed. He was then sent to Blois and put on waiting orders, with no duties. He lost all his baggage in April and had to buy a new outfit. On December 1 he learned of its location, at a town about forty miles from Blois. The Colonel in command at Blois refused to let him have a day off in which to get it. His reason was that orders might arrive for him. He refused to let him go to St. Aignan for his Christmas packages. His baggage is still in France. He refused him twenty-four hours' leave to go to a Yale dinner in Paris. He refused him twenty-four hours' leave to say good-bye to his French friends at Nice and St. Georges. In fact, this Colonel, who was a Major when Pershing was a Captain, was a real old-style martinet, such as we read about in Maryatt.

On Christmas morning my son was discharged from the army and ordered to leave that night for Brest, to take transport for the United States. Although discharged in France he was not paid off in France. At Brest he had to wait ten days for a transport, paying his own expenses. He had to borrow money from the Red Cross. On the transport he had to pay for his meals—\$14. The Colonel in charge of the ship refused to sign his subsistence checks, saying, "you are no longer in the army and therefore are not entitled to subsistence." He received his pay after reaching New York.

His case is only one of hundreds. To say that these men are sore over their treatment is putting it mildly. One officer who had enlisted in Paris, and had received the Croix de Guerre and three citation stars, was sent to New York, although he demanded to be returned to the place of his enlistment. These men are all returned as "casuals." They have no division, no regiment, no company. My son, after sixteen months on the front and a year on the firing line, after having been recommended for a citation and promotion, is discharged in a foreign country without pay and has to borrow money to get home. He feels he has been kicked out of the army, as though he had never done anything creditable. He wanted to remain in France, but it was not allowed. Although discharged there, and as far as I can see, at once becoming a private citizen, he and others were sent to Brest in charge of an officer!

Leaving here in August, 1917, full of enthusiasm and eagerness to

serve their country in the army in France, they return disheartened and with anything but love of country in their hearts. Something is radically wrong in the treatment of these men. We could not raise a volunteer army of any size today. I doubt whether an army could be raised today by conscription without serious opposition. As for our present Administration, it is teaching that the Government will support the people. The idea that the people must support the Government does not seem to have any place in the minds of the Socialists, labor unions and I. W. W.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

Pardon my encroaching on your time, but I know you will hear much about the complaints of returning soldiers, and I thought you might be interested in the experience of one of them.

Easton, Pa.

S. H. CHAUVENET.

ROOSEVELT AND JOHN BURROUGHS

SIR.—What a lovable and wonderful figure is John Burroughs! With an aged body crowned by time-bleached hair, he faces the world with a smile and a calm young soul as fresh as the snow upon bowed chrysanthemums in late November. In the flower of his years he urges us, who have not achieved the outlook his comprehension has attained, to accept the Universe, telling us that life is sweet despite the bitter seed we often bite into in our enjoyment of the mellow fruit. "The good would have no tang, no edge, no cutting quality, without evil to oppose it."

He has said: "The voyage is not all calm and sunshine, but it is safe * * *," that "power waits upon him who earns it * * *." And I recall the word of another naturalist whose strong voice of resonant courage was ever raised to point the way of true happiness: "The joy of living is his who has the heart to demand it." And it seems that the source of this last quotation, Theodore Roosevelt, has been overlooked in one essential aspect—that is, literary ability. In the tremendousness of his political career the books into which he put himself, where you find the real man, have not been noted with the degree of prominence that their eloquence and scholarship deserve.

The spirit of adventure was wonderfully developed in Theodore Roosevelt. It seemed to be a part of his innermost being, this desire for new plains to roam on, new men and stars and forests and beasts to see. He loved to go over untrodden ground, revelling in the unfolding of virgin landscapes, experiencing the thrill of an explorer mounting the crest of a hill to gaze into a fresh land his pioneer spirit had brought out of the unknown, the joy without the disappointment which Moses must have felt when he saw deep into the heart of Caanan. The long days in the saddle; the dangerous trailing of fierce animals; the deep forests spreading welcome shade over wide floors of fern, inviting one to tent and rest—these were clear joys to him. And this wish for the uninhabited, uncivilized reaches, for great plains and extended vistas of hills was not an impression upon his mind of a mere *wanderlust* tendency; it was the logical need of his being for undefiled Nature, the irrepressible longing of his mind for an environment in which his

visions could take wing and beat above exalted scenery and descend in virgin fields.

It is these qualities that his books manifest, as this slight and insufficient quotation from *A Booklover's Holidays in the Open* will show:

The man must have youth and strength who seeks adventure in the wide, waste spaces of the earth, in the marshes, among the vast mountain masses, in the northern forests, amid the steaming jungles of the tropics, or on the deserts of sand or of snow. He must long greatly for the lonely winds that blow across the wilderness, for the sunrise and sunset over the rim of the empty world. . . . The beauty and charm of the wilderness are his for the asking. . . . He can see the red splendor of desert sunsets, and the unearthly glory of the afterglow on the battlements of desolate mountains. In sapphire gulfs of ocean he can visit islets, above which the wings of myriads of sea-fowl make a kind of cuneiform script in the air. . . .

The joy of living is his who has the heart to demand it.

Through that classic, *African Game Trails*, as through his other works, runs the poetic understanding and felicity of imagery which will serve to make Roosevelt's genuine contributions live. His gift for description may be exemplified thus:

Two or three days later I left the woods. The weather had grown colder. The loons had begun to gather on the larger lakes in preparation for their southward flight. The nights were frosty. Fall was in the air. Once there was a flurry of snow. Birch and maple were donning the bravery with which they greet the oncoming north; crimson and gold their banners flaunted in the eyes of the dying year.

The hearts of these two men, Burroughs and Roosevelt, beat in the direction of Nature. There they discovered that lasting glamour and beauty which only he who has heard the sighing of the pines, the hymn of the larks, and felt the perfect concinnity of her comradeship, can appreciate.

Will you let me thank Mr. Burroughs through you for the satisfying essay in the January REVIEW.

WILLIAM GAMALIEL SHEPARD.

Guinea Mills, Va.

WE REAFFIRM IT

SIR.—In your article on the dissolution of the Empire of Germany it is asserted that in the course of the last sixty years Germany has failed to produce "one great spiritual leader, or, indeed, one great free intellectual leader." The inference is that this condition is the result of the coalition, and the dominating influence of Prussia in the policies of the Empire.

As I have heretofore understood it, the troubles incident to the act of federation were dynastic in their origin; and that the union produced no essential change in the social and intellectual life of its peoples. In other words, the federation was purely political in its character. If the sovereignty of our States should be absorbed in complete centralization of the Government, a Pennsylvanian would think, worship and attend to his business as before that event took place; his children would have the same privileges and opportunities as before. Has the Empire denied the German any such, or has it abridged his

liberty? In the sense that we are a federated republic, Germany is a federated Monarchy. Am I incorrect in this assumption?

If not, your statements are not susceptible of proof, and involve a contradiction. In modern Germany, as in other civilized nations, advancement in "material sciences, industry and commerce" goes hand in hand with advancement in the "things of the mind and spirit." This subject has been treated in Guizot's *History of Civilization in Modern Europe* in the first chapter. It is absurd to assert that Germany's progress in the last sixty years has been one-sided.

The comparison is not entirely fair; it should be made to include other civilized peoples. If it can be shown that Germany alone can show no great names to set against those of a period antedating 1848, there would be some justification for your conclusions; but even so, I am still unconvinced that the cause could be found in the political status of its peoples. But can this be done? Who are such in England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Japan; where are ours? The Graces are not prodigal with their gifts; Nature does not produce giants every so many years.

I believe your statements to be inaccurate, and I will be glad to have you enlarge on this subject in a later issue. There must be a number of your subscribers, besides myself, to whom a paper would be of interest.

Orwigsburg, Pa.

LIN B. ZULICK.

HIGH THINKING AT HIRAM HILL

SIR.—Mr. Harrison Rhodes' impressions of the high thinking and very plain living practiced in Civil War times at the academy on Hiram Hill, to which you give a place in a recent issue, are very timely. It seems not less so to enlarge upon Mr. Rhodes' good word for the results of the study of Latin at that humble institution. The following letter was written by the room-mate who shared the corn-meal mush with the senior Rhodes, to a friend who afterwards died, "in the service," of camp fever:

Wadsworth, Feb. 26, 1861.

My dear GUST:

. . . . I am studying some, reading Tacitus. I shall finish twenty-four pages today. His treatise upon the Germans, which I am reading, is very interesting indeed. We study history, after all, as men make geographical discoveries. We begin with the nation, and go back to the tribe in the forest; the geographer begins at the mouth of the river, and traces it till he finds the spring from which it flows in the mountains. Two years ago I read Motley, now I am working my way through Tacitus. Do you not find an especial delight in tracing thoughts to their source—to go back till you can say, "There that idea originated"? At such a moment you have a feeling akin to that which Bruce felt at the sources of the Nile. Here arises, I think, a larger share of the pleasure we experience in reading the classics. I read Motley.—Motley had studied Tacitus. History and its attendant studies afford me my greatest pleasure; and I take the most pleasure in standing just upon the border land—between light and darkness—just as the sun is coming up; where I can see the night fleeing and the day advancing. I think I am safe in saying that in all departments of human inquiry the questions of greatest interest always arise just where the known shades into the unknown. I think it is true in history. I find Tacitus graphic; and can easily understand what Rufus Choate meant when he called him the "Macaulay of the Ancients." When I have read the four pages remaining, I shall not study any more here.

The writer of this letter,—B. A. Hinsdale, late of the University of Michigan,—has left a name in political science and in education. When he wrote the letter, he was a young man twenty-three years old, and was spending a vacation helping his farmer father tap the maples for sugar making.

MARY L. HINSDALE.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

IMMORTAL YOUTH

SIR.—To many of the patriotic and loving yet bereaved fathers and mothers whose sons have fallen in the Great War, I have found that one of the most comforting thoughts has been that their “boys” have been thereby endowed with “immortal youth.”

No matter how long the parents live, their boy never will grow old to them. Had he and they lived together for ten, twenty or forty years, the boy of twenty-odd would have become the man of even sixty-odd with gray hairs and the *pes anserinus* furrowing his temples. Once he has given life itself for Liberty and Civilization, he has passed from the Realm of Time, with its changes and its vicissitudes, its ageing and its decrepitude, into the Realm of Immortality. There he never will lose the bloom of youth with his well-remembered inspiring buoyancy, his affection, his ardent, hopeful, cheerful life. Immortality for him and them knows neither Decay nor Decline. Its voice is ever that of vigorous, hopeful, radiant Eternal Youth.

I believe as firmly in Immortality and the Future Life as I do in my present existence. Hence I believe that Immortal Youth is the future of our young heroes who have made what is well called the “Supreme Sacrifice.”

W. W. KEEN, M. D.

Philadelphia, Pa.